

WRESTLING WORLD

DECEMBER 1966

MAC 60c

Exclusive:

MY TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO ITALY

By Bruno Sammartino

TARZAN TYLER-
SPUTNIK MONROE:
**WHO CAN
STOP
THEM?**

**THE
MEDICS:**

WRESTLING'S
MASKED
MEDICINE MEN

**EL GRAN
LOTHARIO:**

MATADOR WHO
TURNED WRESTLER



VERNE GAGNE

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Autograph

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WRESTLING WORLD

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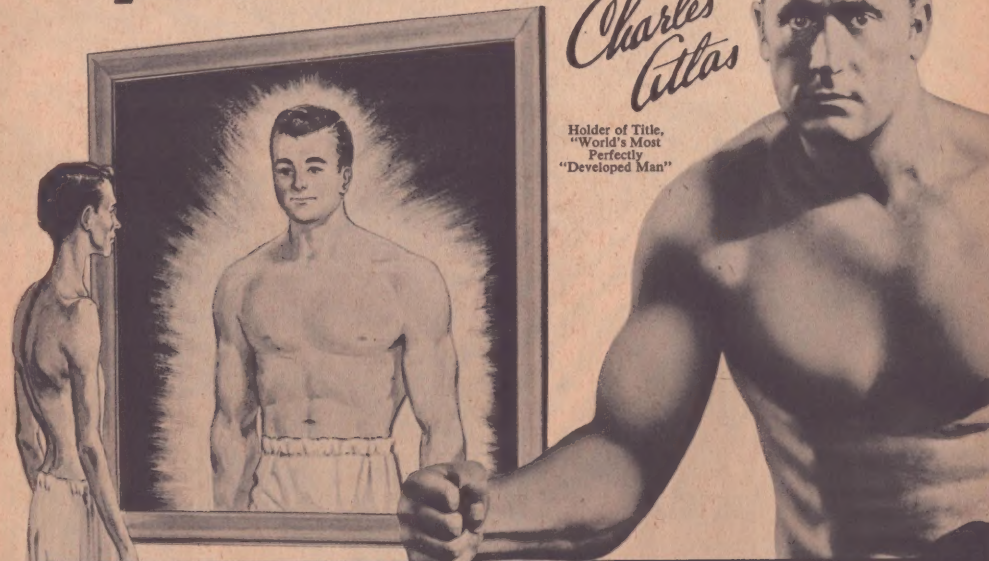
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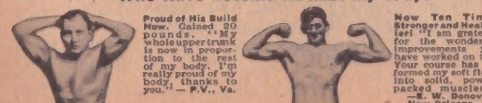
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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Referee Gene LaBell finds that there is no room for a man when two ladies get to arguing. Mae Young (right) obviously objects to the referee's decision and to make her point, tosses him to the ground. Kathy Starr stands by to discuss the matter further.

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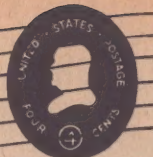
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Letters to the editor



SAMMARTINO VS. PUGLIESE?

I would like to know if there is going to be a match between Sammartino and his cousin Pugliese. If there will be such a match could you possibly tell me where and when this match will be held.

Mike Puskar
Norristown, Pa.

Ed.: Such a match is unlikely . . . who ever heard of matching cousin against cousin?

FLORIDA AFICIONADO

I think your magazine is the best wrestling magazine published today. I live in Florida, and we have some good wrestlers down here. I would like to ask you if you would print some stories on Tarzan Tyler Sputnik Monroe, Bob Orton, and Eddie Graham.

George Lucs
Tallahassee, Fla.

Ed.: All the wrestlers you have mentioned have appeared in back issues of W. W.

PLAUDIT FOR PATTERSON

I enjoyed the article on Ray Stevens in the August 1966 edition of Wrestling World magazine. I would also enjoy reading an article on Ray Stevens' partner, Pat Patterson.

A Pat Patterson Fan
Fresno, California

Ed.: W. W. will try to include a Patterson feature in the next issues.

"FOUR YEARS BEHIND THE MASK"—A SMASHING SUCCESS

I enjoy your magazine very much, and particularly, Aug. '66, issue. The "Destroyer Four Years Behind a Mask" story was great, and the cover picture of the Destroyer was also superb. I would also like to congratulate you for the great story and pictures of "The Night the Indian Almost Scalped the Bruiser." Please, keep up the great work.

Andrew M. Finch
Atlanta, Ga.

Ed.: Glad you enjoyed the Destroyer piece . . . he's currently Gene Kiniski's No. 1 menace.

BOGNI BOOSTER

My 14-year-old daughter has been an ardent wrestling fan of Aldo Bogni ever since he wrestled in the Fargo-Moorhead, Minneapolis area. She is interested in writing to him and starting a small fan club. If possible, please send me his address.

Russell Maring
Georgetown, Minnesota

Ed.: W. W. is not at liberty to publish home addresses of the wrestlers . . . try reaching him through a promoter.

WHO IS THE CHAMP . . . AGAIN

I have read, month after month, of wrestlers claiming they are the champ. Sure, I have my ideas on who I think is the champion, but I have found a solution to truly pick the real wrestling champion. I think the fans, who have seen many wrestlers in action, should select who they think is "the champ."

Don Pesek
Liberal, Kansas

Ed.: The editors feel that the championship matter should be decided in the ring . . . not by a popularity contest.

NORFOLK NEWS

I am a writing to compliment you on your fine magazine and to inform you on some of the recent wrestling action here in Norfolk. First of all I feel that Wrestling World is the finest magazine in its field, and it could be improved only with a listing of matches section. In recent matches here, Princess Ubangi beat Sweet Georgia Brown, Brute Bernard and Skull Murphy beat The Scott Brothers, Rip Hawk and Swede Hanson split a pair of decisions with Aldo Bogni and Bronco Lubich, Big Tex McKenzie and Nelson Royal won over Bogni and Lubich, and McKenzie and Royal also clobbered Hawk and Hanson.

Paul Dennis
Virginia Beach, Va.

Ed.: We would appreciate such contributions from all fans.

WANTS GORY DETAILS

I have purchased your fine Wrestling magazine for a long time, but, it won't be complete until you've given us some detailed account of Wrestling matches. We are not interested in the private life of wrestlers. We'd rather hear how some of the important matches take place.

Kurt Batzdorfer
Warren, Ohio

Ed.: W. W. has included various photo stories that depicted all the mat-side action you desire.

TONY'S TOPS!

I have read many articles on new grapplers in Wrestling World, but I have not seen an article on Antonio Pugliese. He is attaining after each encounter a higher rating.

Eugene Merrit
Rye, New York

Ed.: Pugliese was featured in the Oct. issue of W. W.

TV BLACKOUT

I would like to know why wrestling was taken off T.V. The move was unannounced, and it hampers my pursuit of wrestling. Will you try to put it on again? We do miss it.

Mary Donek
College Point, N.Y.

Ed.: We don't like the blackout either . . . difficulties with the network probably precipitated the move.

WHERE'S BOB?

I have been reading Wrestling World for some time now, and have yet to see an article on Big Bob Orton. Do you think you can print an article on him soon?

Vicki MacNeil
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Ed.: Orton appeared in the Dec. '64 issue.

CHEERS FOR THE MIDGETS

I would very much like to comment on your feature the "Mighty Midgets", in your June 1966 Wrestling World magazine. "The 'little men' are wonderful to watch, and we have seen them perform in Otumwa, Iowa. It was a pleasure to see them featured in your magazine, and please include them again, this time with a story.

Betty Baird
St. Collins, Colo.

Ed.: W. W. likes to include stories on male, female, midget, and giant-sized wrestlers. You name it, we've got it!

FAN-LAND

HELEN HANNA FAN CLUB EDITOR

Dear Fans:

This month there were many, many wrestling fan writing to ask where they could buy photos of the wrestlers. There are many clubs specializing in this type of service, among them being WORLD WIDE WRESTLING, P. O. Box C, Burleson, Texas, 76028.

Received a letter from James Koenigsdorf, 1050 Homes Savings Building, 1006 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Missouri, 64106. James writes that he is an avid Kansas City wrestling fan and would like to trade pictures, clippings, results, etc., with other fans all over the country. He also mentions that his favorite wrestlers are CRUSHER LISOWSKI and DICK THE BRUISER.

My thanks to Opal Mae Ronspiel, president of the DANNY HODGE Fan Club for sending me an honorary membership card, club newsletter, and photos of Danny. From the material sent to us, Opal Mae seems to have organized this club very well. Dues are \$1 per year and the address is 907 South 10th St., P. O. Box, Kingfisher, Okla., 73750.

My thanks also to Ruth Gordon of 232 Westmont Ave., Norfolk, Va., 23503, for the honorary membership cards for her VON STROHEIM BROTHERS Fan Club and the TOLOS BROTHERS Fan Club.

We received a permission slip from Carl Gow authorizing him to be president of the International FRED CURRY Fan Club. By the way, there will be no other chapters of this club. To join, you can write Carl at P. O. Box 3758, Pontiac, Mich., 48058.

Charles Lee of 1691 Kama-malu Ave., Honolulu, Hawaii, 96813, would like to know where he can join a fan club for COWBOY BILL WATTS. Would

the president of this club please contact Charles?

Bruce Bukstein, President of WRESTLING ALL STARS, 1441 Hillsboro South, St. Louis Park, Minnesota, writes that his club is getting larger and that he has gotten a lot of new members lately. We wish you continued success, Bruce.

Jeff Walton, president of the Worldwide FRED BLASSIE Fan Club, 1358 S. Sierra Bonita Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., 90019, writes to inform us that the club is still very active and is now in its fifth year. The price of each newsletter is 25¢.

Miss Rita M. Hansen of 19 Central St., So. Braintree, Mass., thinks JOHNNY VALENTINE is the greatest wrestler in the world and had joined the International JOHNNY VALENTINE Fan Club in 1960. She has since lost track of the club and would like some information regarding this club. Would the president of Johnny's fan club please write Rita as she is anxious to join again.

Barbara Owens of 509 E. Broughton St., Savannah, Georgia, 31401, writes that she is the vice-president of the newly formed TORRES BROTHERS Fan Club, vice-president of the SPUTNIK MONROE Fan Club., and president of the JOE SCARPA Fan Club. Prospective members can write Barbara at the above address for more information.

Ann Zagerman, president of the International MARK LEWIN Fan Club, sent me an honorary membership card. Ann's address is 13127 Pembroke, Detroit, Mich., 48235. Thank you.

John Tudor writes that he is the president of the newly formed International Fan

Club for SAILOR ART THOMAS and DON LEO JONATHAN. Dues are 50¢ a year, and John informs us that new chapters can be started. You can write many wrestling fans writing to John at 64-30 231st St., Bayside, N. Y., 11364.

Janice Holley, secretary of the JERRY LONDON Fan Club, writes that after a stroke of bad luck to their president and vice president, they are trying to get the club started again. The club's address is Jean Blair, 4907 Kipp Place, Orlando, Fla., 32808. We wish you success this time, Janice.

We received a copy of BRUNO SAMMARTINO's Record Book compiled by Georgiann Mastis. This is a very complete record book and has involved a lot of time and work. Georgiann writes that she ran out of copies immediately, the demand was so great, so she decided to have more copies made. The book includes all of Bruno's results from March 2, 1960, to May 21, 1966, and is only 50¢! To obtain a copy, write Georgiann at 32-18 34th St., Astoria, N. Y. 11106.

We have received notice of a new club called WRESTLER OF THE MONTH CLUB of which Ron Kamrowski of 16 New St., Florida, N. Y., is president. Dues are 25¢ a month for which you receive a bulletin and photo. Also, the club is putting out a booklet containing twenty different wrestler's autographs for 25¢. The title of the club's bulletin is Mat Land.

That's all for now, so until I hear from all of you next month . . . Helen

Address all correspondence to:
Helen Hanna
Fan Club Editor, Wrestling World
30-30 Northern Blvd., L.I.C., N.Y. 11101

THE FURY OF THE OUT-CASTS' REVENGE

Tarzan Tyler and Sputnik Monroe had campaigned alone and each was hated and oft-disqualified for his filthy tactics.

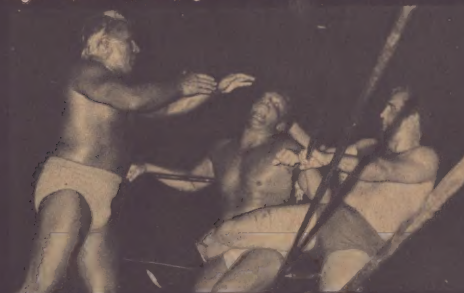


Now that they're a team, there's no way — legal or otherwise — to contain them. Their rampage is terrorizing wrestling.

By Jerry Prater

Wrestling fans across the nation were shocked recently to hear of the formation of a new tag team. When the news hit the sports pages some weeks ago, people found it hard to believe, but there it was in black and white—with pictures to prove it: Tarzan Tyler and Sputnik Monroe, two of wrestling's most detested competitors, had joined forces and were flattening all who stood against them.

The whole thing got started in Miami, Florida, one night. Both Tyler and Monroe had been disqualified in singles bouts at the Miami Beach Convention Center. Following the matches, Tarzan and Sputnik ran into each other at one of the gaudy night spots on the beach. Each was alone and eager to forget the humiliation he had experienced earlier that same evening. The considerable crowd that flocks to the night spots following the matches had, it seems,



performed as the hand of fate that night. As Mr. Monroe and Mr. Tyler came in for the one beer each permitted himself following a hard-fought match, there were only two vacant stools—side by side.

"What say, Tyler?" Monroe offered. "I see you're out trying to forget the raw deal you got tonight."

"Them referees cheat guys like you and me every time," Tyler agreed. "It makes me so damn mad — just because I'm rougher than these sissies the crowd likes, I get done out a match I should of won!"

"You know it, Ape Man," Monroe threw in; "these pencil-necked geeks have the cards stacked against the rugged individuals like us."

"You called me 'Ape Man,'" Tyler interrupted. "Only my friends call me that. I think maybe you're my friend, though," he continued, "because you used an expression that's a favorite of a very dear friend of mine. You said, 'pencil-necked geeks' when you



Monroe is in trouble, but not for long. Big foot, lower right, signals advance of Tyler.

were talking about the people who cheated us out of winning tonight. My very, dear friend, Freddie Blassie—the man who taught me everything I know—calls 'em the way he sees 'em like that."

"Fred Blassie is one of the finest gentlemen who ever stepped into a wrestling ring," Monroe agreed. "I noticed somehow that you had class when I first saw you wrestle, but I didn't realize what it was. You got Freddie's style; that ain't just good, it's great!"

"Yeah," Tyler agreed, "I got a gold mine in what Freddie showed me about wrestling. It's just a shame he's not

still able to compete. I sure wish I could get my hands on that dirty Jap who did him in!"

"We'll get to that jerk one of these days," Monroe interjected; "time is on our side. Meanwhile, though, we've got more important things to do—and by 'we,' I mean just that. You and me have got to team up, on account of that's the only way we can take care of these meatheads who are plotting against us every time we wrestle!"

"Gee, Sputnik," Tyler hedged, "I kind of like the idea, but I'd have to ask Freddie first. He still advises me; you understand?"

"So ask Freddie," Monroe urged;

"in fact, let's call him right now. Me and him speak the same language. Better yet, let's fly up to Georgia and see him!"

"Right now?" Tyler asked, finding it hard to believe that this man would consider so rash a move.

"Hell yes," Monroe answered. "You can get a plane out of Miami airport at any hour of the night."

"Yeah," Tyler agreed, "to New York, maybe, but to Decatur, Georgia?"

"Okay, so we'll charter a plane," Monroe answered.

"But wouldn't that be expensive?" Tyler inquired.

"Of course," Sputnik pointed out, "but so what? This is important. Besides, guys like you and me ought to charter planes once in awhile, just so that people will get the idea that we like to go first class."

And so Tarzan Tyler and Sputnik Monroe took a taxi to Miami International Airport, where they discovered that there were no scheduled flights to Decatur, Georgia, before morning. They chartered a plane, and a few hours later, in the wee hours of the morning, they called on their mutual friend, Fred Blassie.

"What in blazes do you guys want?" Blassie demanded as he opened his front door and beheld two men, standing as silhouettes before the first reddish rays of dawn.

"Sputnik says him and me oughta team up," Tarzan offered; "what do you think?"

"I think you're both nuts," Blassie replied, "and you're a couple of ill-mannered slobs for gettin' me up this early. Now if you were to keep me up this late, that would be different, but when you wear out all the night spots, then come to see old Freddie, that's pretty crude!"

"You don't understand, Freddie," Tyler pleaded, "we got important business to discuss with you."

"Okay," Freddie conceded, "come on in. I might as well talk to you guys as watch Captain Kangaroo."

As three of the meanest men who ever climbed into a ring talked business, several important things were decided. First of all, Blassie gave his "blessing" to the Tyler-Monroe combination.

"I seen Monroe get his start, Tarzan," Freddie pointed out, "and I knew right off that he was *our* kind of people. He's got class. Just like you and I got class! You and him team up, and the sky's the limit—just like it was when you and I was partners!"

As for the possibility of Blassie's managing the new team, it was decided that this would be impractical, at least

for awhile. Freddie would continue to give advice and counsel when necessary, but a fulltime managership would have to wait.

As for the strategy to be employed by this new team, all three agreed that it would be best to follow the philosophy each had employed individually: Win. To hell with the rules, to hell with everthing—just win!

Thus was born an unholy alliance which was to disgust as well as disrupt

the world of professional wrestling. Tyler and Monroe went to promoters throughout the Southeast and demanded matches with the top tag teams in each locale. They got them.

"Ulysses S. Grant may think he raised some hell south of the Mason-Dixon line," Monroe informed us, "but he was shooting craps on a blanket compared to what me and big Tarzan accomplished in the ring!"

For all of Monroe's boastfulness, one

has to concede that he was right: The Monroe-Tyler combination was mighty hard to beat, by means fair or foul.

"And these sissy wrestlers tried every dirty trick they could think of against me and my buddy, Sputnik," Tyler added. "One time four of 'em came after us in the ring. It was awful unfair, but me and Monroe stood our ground and whipped those cowards!"

"That was what really sold me on Tarzan Tyler," Monroe put in. "I knew



Science says that Sputnik does the flying, but George Drake, on mat, says otherwise. Drake launches Tarzan on unscheduled flight.

he was a great wrestler and equal to any kind of a fair fight, but when I saw how much guts he had—when I saw him wade right into those four guys with both fists and both feet knocking them over, I knew that I'd teamed up with a real man! My face ain't pretty; that's because I don't quit. I got guts, and my tag team partner's got to have guts, too. Tarzan Tyler has got guts!"

Without a doubt, both Mr. Tyler and Mr. Monroe have "got guts." But our readers might be interested to know that, on the occasion when these "gentlemen" were confronted with four men, they had already defeated the first two and were in the process of abusing their prostrate opponents after the match was officially over. The second two men entered the ring in an attempt to halt this carnage—unfortunately, they were unsuccessful.

"When I think of some of the jerks I've had to wrestle partners with in the past, I shudder," Monroe observed. "I've had guys quit on me, even when I was doin' all the work and they was just goin' in for a couple minutes while I rested. I messed up a few jerks who did that, too," he added, "because I don't think a guy with my brains ought to be the workhorse on a tag team, much less put up with incompetence!"

According to Mr. Monroe, the relationship between himself and Tarzan Tyler is such that Sputnik's cunning mind tells Tarzan's huge, powerful body what to do. "Those two aren't just a tag team," one opponent observed,

"they're a disembodied Frankenstein Monster!"

"Let's face it," Monroe boasted, "when you get the world's two greatest wrestlers together, you can't help having a winning combination. Tarzan Tyler isn't stupid; he's a top competitor in singles matches, and can outthink just about any wrestler around. As for me, I ain't takin' a back seat to nobody in the physical department. Each of us has a specialty, though; with Tyler, it's his body. He makes a gorilla look like a 97-pound weakling. With me, it's my brain. I'm not the biggest man in the business, and I've had to think my way out of quite a few situations, just to keep from gettin' killed! Combine his attributes and mine, and you've got a tag team that would make Frank Gotch and Strangler Lewis look like the Bobsey Twins!"

It would seem, then, that Sputnik Monroe has assumed the role of leader in this highly controversial—and highly successful — alliance. "You gotta have one chief and one Indian," Monroe informed television wrestling commentator Gordon Solie.

"And you're the chief?" Gordon inquired.

"You bet your polka-dot underdrawers I am, smart guy!" Monroe replied.

We took the liberty of asking Tarzan Tyler if he concurred with this evaluation of the Tyler-Monroe tag team structure. Tarzan didn't seem to be in a mood for conversation, however.

"You got a lotta questions to ask."

he objected. "You ask my partner. We agreed he was gonna handle the medium. You wanna get busted up or sumpin', come back and see me—that's my department!"

Needless to say, this reporter had no desire to participate in any physical encounter with this, hulking individual whose shoulders are so broad that he must turn sideways to get through most doors. At least Monroe would talk to you; he might be insulting, but ordinarily he wasn't threatening!

"I always got time to talk with members of the press," Monroe reassured us, "at least I have when they behave themselves. When they go to disruptin' my partner's strenuous training routine by askin' him a lot of damn fool questions which I've already answered, though, that's a jackass of another color! I told you who was the brains of this outfit, but you had to go and bother my partner just because you didn't believe what I told you. That's gratitude for you! Anything else you want to know, pencil-neck, just figure it out for yourself!"

Having offended the obviously sensitive nature of Mr. Monroe, and having already been assured of no cooperation from Mr. Tyler, we proceeded to figure things out for ourselves, just as Sputnik had suggested. We stationed a man with a camera in a position to capture a shot of Tarzan Tyler in the process of accomplishing his several daily miles of roadwork along the Florida beaches. We observed Sputnik Monroe offering advice and counsel to his partner. But more important, we took notice—and pictures—of what these men did in the ring.

When Tarzan Tyler talks of running several miles daily, when Sputnik Monroe speaks of a "rigorous training schedule," these men know whereof they speak. A dozen miles a day is not unusual for Tyler, except when he's wrestling the same night. On these occasions, he "takes it easy" by running only four or five miles. As a rule, his partner is right there beside him, "eating up the road." These men are fanatical in their determination to become the world's greatest tag team. Of course, there's nothing wrong with two wrestlers undertaking a rigorous training schedule in order to excel in their chosen field; such an undertaking is, in fact, commendable. It is what these two have done with their hard-earned ability to win that makes one question the character—and, yes, even the sanity of these two men.

Eye-gouging is a tactic which, as a rule, even the roughest wrestlers use only in desperation or in the heat of battle. With Sputnik Monroe, however,

a finger in an opponent's eye is as likely to be an opening move as is the traditional "referee's hold." As for Tyler, he comes on by grabbing an opponent's hair with one hand, turning his man away from the referee's field of vision, then smashing a huge fist to the man's face. Mind you, these are *not* examples of how far these men will go to win a match—*this is how they start*—things really get brutal later on!

Monroe, for instance, has a pet tactic—a little something that puts karate to shame: He pokes his thumb into an opponent's Adam's apple. And, if this dangerous, sub-street brawling maneuver weren't bad enough, Sputnik occasionally brings a piece of metal into the ring, concealing it in his trunks. So clever is this man in the manipulation of this "hidden asset," that his opponents rarely know about it until they wake up in the dressing room with their eyes full of their own blood.

Foreign objects aren't at all foreign to Tarzan Tyler, either. Many ring-siders contend that the "ape man" has something other than a foot and a sock in his shoe. When he brings his big right foot down on an opponent's head, that's usually all for the victim.

All in all, the tactics of Tarzan Tyler and Sputnik Monroe are the most brutal, most disgusting ever witnessed by this reporter in some ten years of covering wrestling matches.

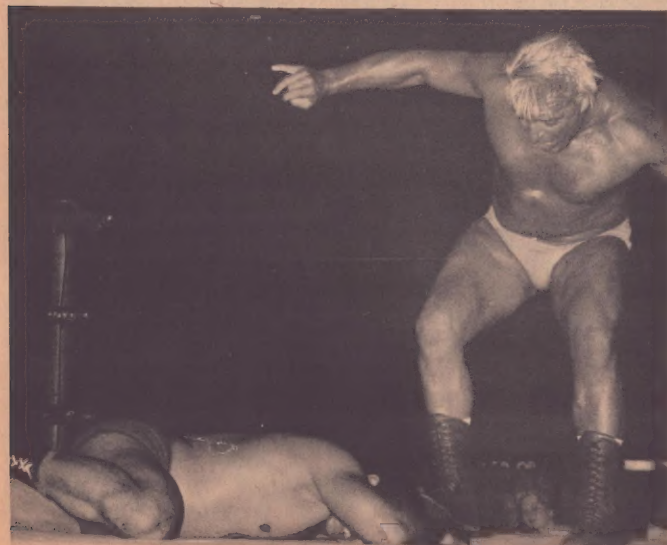
The only possibility of this combination's getting what it deserves in the ring would seem to be the formation of another, equally devastating tag team. Perhaps Lou Thesz and Karl Gotch, or Gene Kiniski and Dick The Bruiser could get the job done—perhaps.

Of course, a falling out between Tyler and Monroe would do the trick. A difference of opinion as to who was calling the shots could conceivably constitute a rift in their relationship, but this would be a sad disappointment for an interested public who'd like to see these two soundly defeated. Besides, Monroe and Tyler aren't likely to fall out as long as the sweet smell of success is in their nostrils.

The sport of wrestling has survived turmoil and tempest in the past, and there's little doubt that it will survive the unholy alliance of Tarzan Tyler and Sputnik Monroe. Wrestling has many fine athletes who are a credit to the game, and only a few like Monroe and Tyler. Indeed, the sport will survive, but it's doubtful that wrestling will be any the better for having experienced the controversial combination of these, two of the most vicious individuals who ever climbed into a roped square.



Grim Sputnik Monroe, a rough-and-tumble brawler, tears at the eyes of victim Atlas.



Monroe says of Tyler, right: "He makes a gorilla look like a 97-pound weakling."

I PROPOSE A WORLD SERIES OF WRESTLING

FACTS TO KNOW ABOUT GAGNE:

Won Minnesota State high-school heavyweight championship, won NCAA and AAU titles, youngest member of the University of Minnesota football team, starting at end when 17; played pro football with Green Bay Packers; as a family man, competitor, box-office attraction and a personality both "live" and on television, he has done a selling job for the sport unequalled by anyone in recent years.

Who deserves to sit on the professional wrestling throne as KING?

With all due modesty, I believe I do, and I am ready to put my head on a chopping block to prove it.

To settle the burning global controversy, I



By Verne Gagne

here and now propose a "World Series of Wrestling" with the survivor receiving a record-smashing, fantastic \$500,000 jackpot.

My proposal may be as popular as the plague and may strike with the force of an atomic bomb in wrestling circles. It may be met with some eye-

Veteran Verne Gagne wants to settle once and for all who is the best wrestler alive today. Every contender would put up \$10,000 and the champ would get \$500,000. With such high stakes, the competition would be furious—but conclusive. Gagne says he knows who'll win. Gagne, of course.



brow-raising among my rivals and I am taking the gamble of becoming as unpopular as a hit-and-run driver.

But this isn't a dream or a fantasy. It can easily be a reality.

A world-wide tournament is the only way to end the raging arguments over who is the greatest wrestler. It has become, in my candid opinion, too easy for a promoter to label his fair-haired boy a state, sectional or world champion.

Championship claims of some wrestlers are strictly a farce. They have no credentials—physical or mental.

For publicity purposes and fan appeal, titles are important. The appearance of a champion adds luster to a wrestling card and makes the turnstiles click. But titles should be won on ability, not personality or popularity.

Before a wrestler allows his name to be emblazoned in headlines and on marquees let him search his conscience and ask: "Am I a worthy champion. Do I really deserve the honor?"

I have asked myself these questions thousands of times in the last four years and the answer has always been "YES."

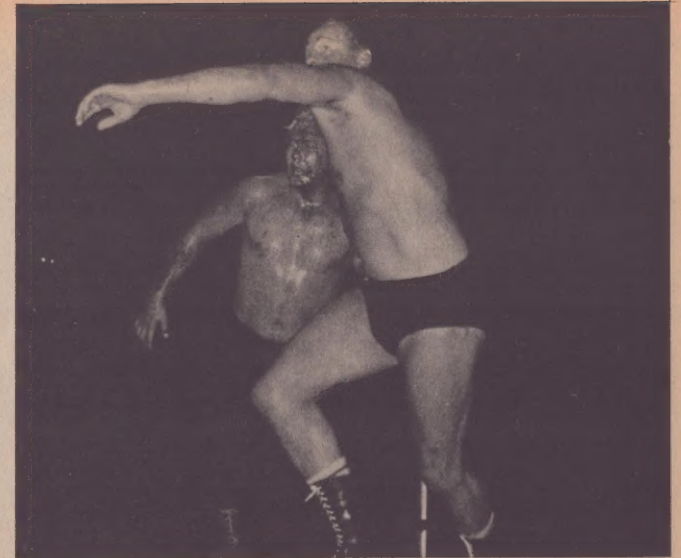
Since I was a grubby-faced kid of seven and was forced into my first fist fight, I have always respected my challengers. I still do.

Because I dispute the world title claims of Bruno Sammartino, Gene Kiniski, Lou Thesz, Bill Watts, Kinji Shibuya, Ray Stevens, Crusher and Mad Dog Vachon, this doesn't mean I don't respect their ability. I truthfully do. They are all powerful men, well-conditioned, owning relentless and aggressive attacks. They are great wrestlers and have worked hard to win fame and fortune.

But so have I, and, though it's absolute folly to underestimate the ability of the above-named men, I honestly believe I'm the best of the bunch.

And to prove it is the reason I am suggesting a "World Series of Wrestling." To give it a true, international flavor, it should include the best from the globe, and we have the nucleus for such a grouping right here in the United States.

I mean fellows like Kiniski (Canada), Sammartino (Italy), Edward Carpentier (France), Antonino Rocca and Pampero Firpo (South America), Karl Gotch, Hans Schmidt, Fritz and Waldo Von Erich (Germany), Igor (Poland), Chris Markoff (Yugoslavia), Mighty Hercules (Spain), Ian Campbell (Scotland) Mistu Arakawa and Baba (Japan). There would be others, of course, but to show I mean business when I challenge anyone, I propose an entry fee of \$10,000. That should separate the men from the boys right off, so that whoever survived the tourna-



Gagne has respect for all of his rivals but feels confident that he's best of the bunch.

ment would really be the "King" of wrestling.

The entry fees along with 20 per cent of the gate from every match would be set aside and ultimately awarded to the champion. This would be the largest financial bonanza in professional wrestling history.

Millions of dollars more would be within easy reach of the winner of the tournament which could extend from New York to Tokyo, from Rio de Janeiro to Rome, from Paris to Los Angeles, from London to Bombay.

Because of the importance of each bout, the money involved and the wrestlers' demands to meet in a neutral city, one match might even be held in Moscow.

Even the most skeptical promoters should be able to visualize the glamor and potential of my proposed "World Series."

Today sports attendance is zooming and fans are spending a record \$40 billion a year, five times more than they are expending on medical care. Wrestling crowds in the last ten years have hit an all-time high and interest is the greatest in history.

This popularity is no accident. Today's wrestlers, from the preliminary boys to the stars, deserve most of the credit. They have brought skill and speed into a sport that was formerly just a match of strength and stamina. They have added a touch of showmanship, too, and it's paid off handsomely for everyone. The fans have seen more

and better wrestling than ever before; promoters, who have used imagination and good judgment, have made money and wrestlers' incomes have zoomed.

That's why I believe the \$10,000 entry fee won't be a stumbling block to the "World Series." After all, any genuine contender can afford it.

Any wrestler, who orally or in writing disputes my claim to the title, should be willing to challenge me and any other contender in the ring.

With every Series match a best two-out-of-three-fall affair, the road to the championship will be hazardous and gruelling. It will take talent, stamina, strength and courage to eliminate all contenders.

Pressure and tension will be tremendous as contenders battle their foes before screaming, jeering and perhaps hostile crowds which run up to 100,000 and maybe more.

I can see a match in Rio de Janeiro, involving the sensational leg artist Rocca, attracting maybe 150,000 highly partisan fans. In Berlin, Gotch, Schmidt and the Von Erichs would be great drawing cards, while in Rome, Sammartino would be the man of the hour. Baba, the seven-foot giant, would pack them in in Japan, while tens of thousands of Parisians would flock to see Carpentier. In India, Dara Singh would have the power of a snake charmer in attracting fans. In London, George Gordienko would probably rival the Beatles for the affection of Her Maj-

(continued on page 65)



Violent in the ring, the boys playfully inspect toys outside it.

MAIDIE IN JAPAN

Almost anyone who has bought an article in a department store is familiar with the "Made in Japan" label. Kanji Inoki and Hiro Matsuda are the genuine articles. They were in a Knoxville, Tenn. department store recently and were checking a number of articles, probably looking for a "Made in U.S.A." label. Anyway, when it comes to their trade of wrestling, they're Japanese all the way with their judo specialties.



Hiro Matsuda watches Kanji Inoki, left, evaluate product.



The boys check the labels and get a good laugh.



Barefoot Inoki rearranges Len Rossi's face in ring action.



Matsuda punishes Len Rossi some more with a knee-drop.



Inoki's face gets a frame, but despite the head-scissors by Billy Wicks, Kanji tagged out with Matsuda. Inoki and Matsuda won match.

The author says pro football's Wahoo McDaniel is ducking him after gaining an unfair victory. "He'll have to fight me or hang up his feathers," says the author. "I'm going to leave just enough of his hide to make a football."



"I GOT CREATES" עושה יצירות

By Tony Nero

Anytime some wrestler wants to make a name for himself in the business, the first thing he does is to ask some promoter for a match with me—Tony Nero! Anybody who gets by me is just about sure to get a match with Gene Kiniski or Bruno Sammartino. I've stopped the "meteoric climb to the top" of more than one snot-nosed kid who thought he was man enough to mix it up with the big boys. If you can beat Tony Nero, you've made it—but don't count on doing it!

A lefthanded mousetrap-tester could count on his remaining fingers the number of aspiring young punks who have asked for a match with me, gotten it and won. Usually, it's a case of me sendin' them back to the dressing room on a stretcher, then loaning them enough money to get patched up. I don't mind stakin' an opponent to cab fare, you see—just as long as he leaves the arena in a meat wagon!

I think by now you're getting the picture: I'm what they call a "spoiler." I'm one of the toughest, one of the meanest guys in a business where 200-pounders are considered runts



and where a kick in the groin or a thumb in the eye are every-day occupational hazards. I don't take any nonsense from anybody. Basically, I'm a nice guy; like I said, I sometimes even get to feelin' sorry for a guy I messed up and advance him a few bucks for bandages. I don't feel sorry for any sucker when I've got him in the ring, though. Any jerk who makes the mistake of taking on Tough Tony—

I have reference particularly to one "Chief" Wahoo McDaniel. This refugee from a reservation makes a decent living playing pro football, and for this he should be thankful, because when I was playing football I used to run over linebackers like him the way a steamroller flattens frogs! This impudent redskin had the audacity to ask for a match with me one time. I agreed, feeling that a big man who'd made himself

ways pulls for the fair-haired punks. Instead of being impartial and letting me mix it up with this squaw-man, this billiard-ball referee calls me down every time I even get a little rough, but he lets this Indian get away with bloody murder. I'm a clean, scientific wrestler—I'm rough, but I go by the rules. Of course, when some guy wants to get dirty, I can go that route, too. That's what made me so mad when I fought

and everything, but all those meatheads have the cards stacked against a guy like me.

After all else failed—when it became obvious that no one cared about the raw deal I got from this animated feather duster—I did what any red-blooded man would do under the circumstances: I went to the promoter and demanded that McDaniel wrestle me in a no-holds-barred, no-disquali-

already been signed."

Come next week, McDaniel wrestles some runt and beats him in three minutes. It was an obvious case of the promoter getting his thin-skinned Indian a pushover. Next time, he put McDaniel in a tag team match. After that, nothing but more run-around. That redskin ran from me like the U.S. Cavalry was after him!

I got a plan, though, and I don't

to wrestle Tony Nero. Then, by George, he just might find his image slipping when my friends write about how McDaniel ought to stick to football and leave wrestling to people like me who have proven themselves to be outstanding in that sport!

Like I said before, I'm basically a nice guy! Rough, but still a nice guy. I'm gonna quit being so damn nice to



Nero, on mat, is being mauled by Wahoo McDaniel, but insists, "If the referee had been fair, I'd have taken that redskin apart."

well, it's just a part of growing up for a youngster. For others it's the point at which a promising career ceases to look so promising. For an oldtimer, it's apt to be the end—finis!

With me, wrestling is a way of life, not just a sideline. It's bread and butter and a new car and a trip to the islands every year. To some jerks, though, it's just frosting on the cake. I'm talking about certain individuals who make most of their money doing something else and wrestle when they feel like it and lay off when the going gets rough.

a reputation in pro football should be a good athlete and a worthy opponent. I expected a good, clean match from this man. HA!

I got scalped! That Indian would wind up right back in Pueblo, Colorado, if he ever got as dirty on the football field, in front of five officials, as he did in the ring with me that night. Most wrestling referees would have disqualified him for what he did, but I had the lousy luck to be in there with one of those melon heads who al-

McDaniel; if the referee had been a fair man, I'd have taken that redskin apart—I'd have dis-assembled him right there in the middle of the ring!

In case anybody's wondering what kind of illegal tactics this Indian used, you might better wonder what kind he *didn't* use! Mostly, though, it was a kind of chop to the throat—like karate. I told the referee, but he gave me some kind of hogwash about how this was legal. Can you imagine that—something as dangerous as karate being legal? I protested to the commission



Tony, left, said Wahoo fought dirty. "Next time," says Nero, "I'm going to leave just enough of his hide to make a football."

fication match. I said if he wanted to play rough, that was just fine by Tony Nero.

Well, the promoter started stammering and making up a lot of flimsy excuses. He'd gotten ahold of this Indian, hoping to make a big killing because of McDaniel's being a pro football star. He knew I'd spoil his big money man if I got him in the ring again!

"He's already beat you, Nero," this promoter tells me; "I've got him in another match next week; the contract's

care if Mr. Wahoo McDaniel knows what it is, because it won't do him any good. When I get finished gettin' the word out on this guy, he'll have to wrestle me or hang up his feathers!

I know a lot of important people; I've got a lot of big connections in the world of sports. Big, important sports-writers call me when I come to town. I'm going to give these guys the real low-down on Mr. Wahoo McDaniel. I'm going to tell them that this supposedly tough football player is scared

people like this Wahoo McDaniel, though; I'm fed up with gettin' raw deals. I got scalped one time, but unlike General Custer, I'm still available to go another round with this second cousin to Sitting Bull. Next time I get Wahoo McDaniel in that ring, I'm going to leave just about enough of his hide to make a football. I'll personally give that particular pigskin to the Miami Dolphins, so that their investment in Wahoo McDaniel won't be a total loss. After all, I'm basically a nice guy!

El Gran Lothario has been a boxer and a bullfighter and just thrives in a world of violence. He'd thrive even more, he feels, if he could lure Kiniski into his world of violence just one time.



"ONE DAY GENE KINISKI WILL HAVE TO WRESTLE ME!"

By Jerry Prater

"That young fellow is great!" exclaimed a Mexican wrestling promoter (in his native tongue, of course) the first time he saw Jose Lothario in action. Jose had been a boxer and a good one. He'd also been a bullfighter. At this particular moment, though, he was showing a comparatively small crowd in a little Mexican town that he could wrestle.

The happy promoter called Jose "great," as did the fans. The name stuck and, even today, some years later, Jose is introduced to capacity crowds in our nation's biggest wrestling arenas as "El Gran Lothario;" El Gran meaning "The Great."

Watching El Gran Lothario wrestle is indeed a pleasure. He's fast and agile as a cat, yet heavy enough to mix it up on equal terms with the biggest men in the mat game. He has a "finishing hold" which is without a doubt among the most devastating legal maneuvers in wrestling. Grasping an opponent's toe with both hands, he launches himself into the air, coming down with the full weight of his body on the man's leg. Following two or three repetitions of this, Jose applies a half Boston crab, whereupon the toughest of opponents cry "Uncle!" We asked Jose if he could break a man's leg with this series of moves.

"I don't doubt that I could break a man's leg if I wanted to," he told us. "Normally, though, I don't want to break somebody's leg. If I can paralyze the leg long enough to make the man give up, that's good enough for me."

We pointed out that Jose had been in some rather fierce blood-feuds with

several wrestlers, some of whom had tried to inflict injury upon the amiable Mexican. We asked if, when wrestling a man he really had cause to dislike, he weren't tempted to go beyond beating the man and actually fracture a leg.

"Sure," he admitted, "I'm tempted to do this a lot of times. The only thing is, when I start to make this move, I know I've got the man. I know that I'm going to get the winner's share of the purse while he gets the loser's. And I know that I'm one step closer to a title match, and he's one step further away. Knowing this, I just don't have the heart to put the man out of action for several months too, even though maybe he deserves it."

To hear Jose tell it, he's just plain soft-hearted. It's true that he has the measure of human decency which fans and other wrestlers admire, but his reluctance to cripple an opponent probably stems from another factor:

El Gran Lothario is a very capable

competitor. It's not necessary for him to injure opponents in order to make a name for himself; he can do this simply by virtue of his winning ways. A lesser man might be tempted toward such deliberate destructiveness, but this sort of thing is beneath a man of Lothario's caliber.

As we pointed out earlier Jose Lothario's sports background is as varied and as colorful as a hand-woven blanket from his native land. As a boxer, he was a man to be reckoned with—a serious threat to every opponent he faced, even those who were top-rated. We asked him why he gave up the gloves.

"In boxing," he explained, "you are judged on your performance by three people. These judges are almost invariably good, honest men who know a lot about boxing, but they're still human. People make errors in judgment, and a mistake like this can cost a fighter a



Jose, a man of many skills, has fought bulls and boxed. When he really gets mad, above, he can wield a chair with the best of them.



"I don't have the heart to put a man out for several months," Jose says. Above, aroused, he prepares a temporary knockout punch.



"I don't want to break somebody's leg. If I can paralyze the leg long enough to make the man give up, that's good enough for me."

very important match.

"I'll admit," he went on, "I don't know of any better way to do it. Boxing is a good sport and I don't want to say anything bad about it; it's just that decisions based on the observations of three men—three men who may not even agree with each other—are not really very satisfying. Sure, you get the money and maybe a better opponent next time, but it still leaves you wondering. You always ask yourself, what if that split decision had been two to one *against* me, instead of in my favor?"

"Actually, that very thing happened to me once. I was boxing a man from the United States; the bout was held in Mexico. It was a very close fight. I felt like I had an edge on the man, but I guess he felt that he was out in front. I was declared the winner, but it was a split decision.

"I don't know why I felt bad," Jose continued; "I guess maybe it was the way that fellow looked at me, as if to say, 'Buddy, you sure got yourself a home-town victory!' That bothered me. Later, I wished they'd called it a draw, even though I felt that I had earned the decision. This had a lot to do with making me want to hang up my gloves."

Bullfighting is another sport in which El Gran Lothario participated quite successfully for awhile. Death in the afternoon was a familiar thing to Jose, just as it is to thousands of Mexican sports fans. Like other young men, Jose Lothario spent his youth longing to wear the colorful garb of the idolized matador.

"In Mexico," Jose pointed out, "a very good bullfighter is a national hero—like Stan Musial, Lou Thesz or Paul Hornung are in this country. The big difference there is that bullfighting is *the* sport. Sure, we have just about all the other sports you have in the United States, but they all take a back seat to bullfighting.

"Little boys play bullfighters in Mexico; they take turns being the bull. Even the poorest people go to the bullfights as often as they can. The best seats in the arena are occupied by the wealthiest, most distinguished persons in all Mexico. Tourists from the United States and other countries consider a trip to the bullfights a must. Bullfighting is so very important a part of Mexico that the two are inseparable!"

"Why then," we asked, "if you were able to become a success as a bullfighter, did you not pursue this as your life's work?"

"Like a lot other things," Jose explained, "when you get close to bullfighting—when you live with it every day—a lot of the glamour goes away. When I was a boy, I saw the bullfights



Handsome Jose's the kind of guy who gets around, and, above, he does it with real style.

a few times a year. I always held my breath when the bull charged, for fear the matador would not dodge the beast in time. When the bullfighter made the kill, I would cheer, along with everyone else.

"Some people condemn bullfighting because it generally consists of a man killing an animal," he continued; "these people feel sorry for the bull. But I ask: Do they not realize that men have killed cattle for thousands of years? Bulls which are killed in the arena are used for food—often given to the poor. As for the humanitarian aspects of bullfighting, I would point out that every matador tries for a quick, clean kill. This pleases the audience and also reduces the chance of injury to the bullfighter and the other men who work in the bullring. Perhaps some of bullfighting's critics should take a little time to consider the man who faces these beasts, armed only with a cape and a

small shaft of steel. They might appreciate their roast beef a little more if they did!

"But that's getting off the subject," Jose admitted. "You asked why I gave up bullfighting, and now that I've defended it, you're probably wondering even more.

"When I fought the bull, I knew I was going to kill him. I feared him, but I knew I would win. Without this attitude, a bullfighter wouldn't last any time.

"And yet, the best bullfighters are gored. They are injured, sometimes killed. Few survive a career in the bullring unscathed. Just as I knew that I'd kill each bull I faced—and the next one, and the one after that—I also knew that one day, I'd make a mistake. That's all it takes; one very small mistake, and you're impaled upon the beast's horns.

"As a bullfighter, I knew that prob-



El Gran Lothario's unrelenting in the ring, but he's gentle at home with wife and child.

ably I would walk away from the arena amid the cheers of the crowd, yet there was always that possibility that I would be carried away with my blood, and not the bull's, spilled on the sand. It was like playing Russian Roulette: The odds were favorable, but the penalty for losing was severe indeed.

"Had I been the sort of man who could have fought the bulls for a few years, saved my money and retired at the peak of my career, I might have stayed with bullfighting. But I know Jose Lothario better than that. Before I would retire, it would have to be *proven* to me that I was, as you say in this country, 'over the hill.' A wrestler becomes aware of this gradually, as he starts getting beaten more and more often. Unless he is a fool, he can get out in time. But with the matador, the end of a career comes suddenly, on a hot afternoon, before a few thousand people.

"Bullfighting was a great experience. I enjoyed it, but I retired young, so that I could go on to make a name for myself in other sports. It wasn't easy to give up the cape and sword, but I knew that bullfighting was not the sport for a man who does not know when to quit."

We asked El Gran Lothario if, in wrestling, he felt that he had found the competitive sport which was right for him. He studied the question momentarily, then answered with a grin.

"I suppose by now you think maybe next week I'll give up wrestling for football or something," he smiled. "I'll tell you something: I don't think I'll ever quit wrestling to do anything else.

"In wrestling, the sky's the limit. There's nothing to hold you back. A man who is ambitious and willing to travel can wrestle several times a week if he wants to. It's hard for anyone to avoid you this way; if a man has

a championship and you can follow him wherever he goes, always issuing challenges, he can't evade you forever."

Asked how he felt about the ever-present possibility of sustaining a serious injury on the mat, Jose replied, "As I see it, your chances of getting hurt in wrestling are what you make them. You've got to stay in shape so that you can make the right defensive moves, even when your opponent has the upper hand. When a man is too worn out to avoid a body slam, he could very well be injured. Conditioning counts in avoiding sprains and fractures!"

"Of course, it's equally important to know good defensive moves," Jose pointed out. "A lot of fellows are real tough; they're big and strong, but when things aren't going their way, they are *really* in trouble. They get on their knees and beg to the guy they were beating hell out of a few minutes ago. They do this because they are not good defensive wrestlers and they know that this could very well get them hurt seriously.

"Basically, avoiding injury is a matter of staying in shape and knowing how to get out of tight spots. In wrestling, a man makes his own odds against getting hurt."

Every wrestler has a goal. To some, it is getting to the top, to others it is staying on top. A few are satisfied to make a living. We asked Jose what his primary ambition was.

"I want to wrestle a big man," he began; "a fellow who weighs 275 pounds and who wears a belt which says, 'World Heavyweight Champion.' His name is Gene Kiniski. He doesn't want to wrestle me, but one day he will have to."

We pointed out that Kiniski is not only big, he is fast and a virtual savage in the ring—a man who would do anything to avoid losing the belt. We asked Jose how he would wrestle against such a man.

"I'll save my leg hold for the deciding fall," he answered. "Knowing this won't do Mr. Kiniski any good, though," he continued, "because the first fall could be the one to decide the outcome of the match, especially if Gene Kiniski has to hobble about on one leg thereafter. In any event, I'll be real cautious and wait for an opportunity to get both hands on one of his feet. After that, Gene Kiniski—and the belt—will be mine!"

El Gran Lothario has big plans, but he has them well laid out. As he says, no one can avoid him forever. He's a real gentleman whose popularity is well-deserved. And he's a man whom Gene Kiniski may someday wish had stuck with boxing or bullfighting!



MY TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO ITALY



By Bruno Sammartino

Ever since I left Italy as a child, I always dreamed about returning there one day. My dream was finally realized. I'll never forget the trip as long as I live. Some of the memories were sad and some were tender as I saw relatives I never thought I would see again.

On Tuesday morning, March 29, 1966, my wife Carol and my son David suddenly found ourselves at New York's JFK Airport getting ready to board a TWA flight to Rome. It may not sound so unusual in that hundreds of people do the same thing every day. It was different in many respects. First of all, we were going to Rome for a private audience with Pope Paul. Secondly, I was also going to return to my hometown for the first time since I left to come to America and finally, this was my first vacation with my family in the nine years I've been a wrestler.

We were scheduled to land in Paris first for a one-hour stop and also were scheduled for a one-hour stop in Milan before landing in Rome. We landed in Paris at 1 A.M. and decided to get off the plane and look around the airport. There weren't too many people around. The Paris Airport is very beautiful. The floors are either all marble or covered with rugs.

As time was getting closer, we couldn't help but discuss tomorrow, (actually later in the day) and what's going to happen with our audience with Pope Paul. As we were getting closer to Rome, we were getting all the more nervous. Today was going to be a big one for us. I am not sure David, who is only six, realizes what it's all about. He seems to be very happy so far about the whole thing.

We landed in Rome and went directly to the Excelsior Hotel. We got there around 3:30 A.M., and later this day we were going to see the Pope.

We put David to bed, but Carol and I couldn't sleep. We tried but couldn't relax long enough to fall asleep. We stayed awake discussing this day and everything that's going to happen. We never got to bed at all. We were very nervous and were wondering if everything would turn out well. The hour was getting close when we would be leaving for the Vatican. We got dressed and then awakened David. We had breakfast in the hotel and then left for the Vatican.

We waited for about 5 minutes but it seemed like 45 hours. I was very nervous about what was about to take place. My wife was very nervous and was worried about what to say or do. David was quite anxious. He kept asking when the Pope was coming and to be sure and tell him that he was a good boy.

He was the only one that didn't show any signs of nervousness. We kept reminding him to remain quiet when the Pope came and not to speak a word. The only time we told him he could speak was when the Pope asked him a question. David is not what you would call a bashful child. He speaks quite a bit and is not the least bit bashful. He talks a great deal and we certainly didn't want him to be so talkative in front of the Pope.

Then, the Pope finally arrived. He is a small man, but a very friendly one. Somehow, to see him, it sort of gives you the feeling that you have known him and been with him before. Suddenly, I didn't feel quite as nervous as I had been earlier. Realizing that this was the Pope gave me a phenomenal thrill. It is hard to describe.

I know this, when it was all over and we walked out of that room, it was the greatest feeling I ever had in my life. It is the greatest thing to happen, or will ever happen, in my lifetime.

We returned to the hotel and decided to go sight-seeing for a couple of hours. I had a car with a chauffeur who knew Rome inside and out and took us everywhere. When we got back to the hotel, the pictures were waiting for us.

We decided to spend six days in Rome before going to Pizzo Ferrato, the little town where I was born and raised before I came to the United States. While in Rome, I had to see certain things that were important to me. I am a lover of ancient history and Rome is the place to observe it. I think we visited every place there is to see in this great city.

The Coliseum, for instance. This is really something to see. We went inside and took pictures of it. It was just fantastic to see this great building standing here. From a distance it looks like a great stadium or a ball park that is still being used until you get inside of it and see how old it really is. It's amazing to look at the inside of this great structure and realize what all went on in this stadium in ancient times. It is really phenomenal how it is still standing after a couple of thousand years. You look around this structure and realize that it over 2,000 years old, and yet it is still standing. How was it

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built? In those days they didn't have the tools and machinery that we have today. They talk about architects and how they are so advanced today, yet how did they erect such a fantastic structure over 2,000 years ago that looks as if it was recently erected?

Besides the Coliseum, we also visited the villa of Adriana, the Roman emperor. This was also something wonderful. It took 40 years to build and after it was completed, Adriana only got to live there for two years before he died. The emperor had 1,000 rooms for his servants alone. In his villa, there are 100 rooms, all made of marble.

We also visited other ancient landmarks like the grave of Augustus Caesar; Prince Nero's villa; Napoleon Bonaparte's birthplace. We traveled to Tivoli which is only about 15 miles outside of Rome. I have never seen so many gorgeous fountains in all my life as I witnessed there. They're so hard to describe. It is something that has to be seen. I don't know how many different fountains there were, but they were all different sizes and shapes and they date back over 2,000 years. It is truly a place of beauty. In all my travels I have never seen anything to rival it.

I also visited a building that was erected 200 years before the birth of Christ. It is still standing today and there hasn't been any repair work done to this building. It's amazing! There aren't any chips on the walls and nothing falling off the ceilings. On top of the building there is a hole in the ceiling. This is the way it was made. The hole is about 10 feet round and the rain that passed through it over thousands of years has made little holes on the concrete floor that go as deep as two feet. The most amazing part of the entire building is that there aren't any ruins around it. The building is solid. I couldn't say it looks new, but undamaged would best describe it.

I also happen to be an opera lover and I got a chance to visit a restaurant called El Fungo which is about 25 stories high. In Rome, this is very high because there aren't any tall buildings like we have in the U. S. The restaurant is so high it overlooks all of Rome. It's owned by one of the greatest opera stars of all time, Mario Delmonico. My chauffeur called up the restaurant and inquired when Senor Delmonico would be there. He knew how much I loved opera and also knew that I met Delmonico before. Senor Delmonico was very courteous when he was contacted by phone. He said he would be at the restaurant that evening and invited my wife and I to dinner. We met him there and he was truly a gentleman. He remembered our first meeting in Philadelphia in 1963 and he was kind enough to do a few songs for us. His voice is just as great as it ever was. In fact, two days after our meeting, he left

for Germany to do some operas. Meeting Delmonico was another highlight of my trip.

The next day my uncle called me from my hometown, Pizzo Ferrato. He insisted that he would pick me and my family up at the hotel at 10 the next morning. I tried to tell him no, that we would take the train, but he insisted that he would pick us up. My uncle and my cousin showed up at the hotel right on time. I was very anxious to get back to the town where I was born.

I had many relatives and friends among the small population of 800 people. The house where I was born still remains. Most of my father's large family of 21 brothers and three sisters, were born there. Today, there are about 15 of them still living with all their sons and daughters.



Sammartino got enthusiastic greeting when he returned.

We passed through Casino where some of the worst battles of World War II were fought. Right after the War, I had passed through the city and it was completely demolished. There wasn't even a tree standing. It was really leveled from the hard fighting that had taken place there.

However, today, it's a beautiful, modern city. We stopped long enough to have lunch. I kept noticing that my uncle kept making telephone calls to my hometown. I got a little suspicious that something was going on but I just didn't know what. Then I noticed his driving as we were going through the mountains in his little Fiat. He certainly wasn't breaking any speed limits. Every once in a while he would stop and make another phone call. I definitely knew by now that something was up.

When we got about 15 miles from the town, we could see it from a distance from the top of the mountain. As we were descending, I noticed how

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THE CASE OF THE MASKED MEDICS

This mysterious duo strikes with a superior knowledge of human anatomy. Are they doctors in disguise? This confidential report sheds some light on their carefully guarded secret.

"I just don't get the connection," remarked a prominent physician while attending a wrestling match recently. "I can't see how these wrestlers in the white masks can consider themselves remotely connected with even the most primitive form of medical practice!"

The spectators at ringside shared the good doctor's feelings that night, as they watched the mysterious masked Medics demolish a pair of opponents.

"They're not doctors," a fan speculated; "it's just an excuse to hide their faces behind those masks!"

"If they want to wear white," another observed, "they should call themselves butchers—not medics!"

Few people, it seemed, knew anything at all about this mystery shrouded tag team—why they wear masks and how they got their name. We decided, therefore, to secure an interview with these men in white.

As one might expect, the Medics were as reluctant to be interviewed as they were to wrestle according to the rules of the sport. "Interviews," we were informed (through a wrestling commissioner whom we had asked to assist in securing an interview with the masked men), "are of



EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of the following account, although a frequent contributor to this magazine, has asked that his name be withheld from this work. His reasons will become apparent as you read what he has to say about one of the most feared tag teams in professional wrestling.



Victims soon discover the Medics are poison in the ring.



The men in white strip—and prepare to drive rivals crazy.

value only to those wrestlers whose ability is not sufficient to keep their names before the public. We suggest you try interviewing one of these individuals; the wrestling profession is full of them: so-called athletes who need all the help they can get!"

Obviously, these men had no intention of being cooperative. The only other approach, then, would have to consist of investigation and intimidation—dangerous tactics when you're dealing with men like these!

Watching the Medics take advantage of nerve endings and pressure points gave us the notion that these men did, indeed, have a greater knowledge of the human anatomy than the average wrestler had. Men who could withstand barrages of roundhouse rights from most opponents would be stunned when delivered short, open-handed jabs to the body by the Medics. When the masked men resorted to the use of an ether-soaked rag to subdue an exceptionally formidable pair of opponents, we were convinced: These men *must* have had some formal training in medicine!

The problem now was to figure out whether the Masked Medics were actually doctors gone berserk, or whether

they were merely hospital orderlies or Army medical corpsmen who had found a way to corrupt the training they'd been given, for monetary gains.

For one licensed physician to forsake his practice in favor of something contrary to his code of ethics—breaking, as opposed to mending, bones—would be a highly unusual turn of events. For two doctors who possessed a high degree of skill as wrestlers to renounce healing in favor of inflicting injury seemed incomprehensible!

If, however, the use of logic eliminated doctors from our list of suspects, it also gave good cause to doubt that these men had been no more than orderlies or corpsmen. Their obvious command of medical knowledge made it appear that they were highly trained in the aspects of medical practice usually reserved for licensed physicians.

A doctor friend who had gotten his degree from a large state university gave us a helpful clue. "Not very many serious medical students had much time for participation in sports," he observed. "Only a very small percentage of top college athletes go on to graduate school," he added. "Most of them are lured away by offers from businesses and professional sports. There

are notable exceptions, of course, such as Dr. Bill Miller; however most students find they must choose between competitive sports and post-graduate studies. Very few can find the time to do justice to both."

Observing the Masked Medics in action left little doubt as to their skill as wrestlers. It seemed logical to assume that they had been college athletes while taking courses in medicine. If this assumption were correct, then we knew a little of the background of these men—but still nothing about who they were or why they chose to hide their faces behind masks.

A bit of accidental eavesdropping at a supermarket gave us our first clue as to the residence of one of the Masked Medics. A lady, who apparently rented apartments, was talking to a friend.

"Such a tenant, Ethel!" she exclaimed. "You wouldn't believe it! He comes and goes, always a suitcase with him. And always with dark glasses—even at night—and a hat pulled down over his face. And the books he reads! I'm telling you, when I clean his apartment, sometimes I sneak a look. Medical books he has, with naked people in them, showing what's inside of you. And rassing magazines—and books like

Frankenstein and The Island of Dr. Moreau!

"But he's quiet, he pays up on time and he don't make no trouble," she was saying as we left the market to wait in the parking lot. Pretty soon, the lady made her appearance. We followed her to her residence, jotted down the address, then drove off.

The following day, the landlady, whose conversation we had accidentally overheard, was contacted. A newsboy gave her a plain envelope, containing a questionnaire, and asked her to present it to "the large gentleman who works nights and carries his suitcase with him."

In addition to the aforementioned questionnaire, the envelope also contained a brief message which read, "I know who you are (this much was a bluff) and where you live. I will not expose you if you will fill out the enclosed form and return it to me in the

stamped, addressed (no name, only a post office box number), envelope provided."

Four days later, paydirt! The post office box had a letter in it. Our quarry was indeed one of the Medics, and he had taken the bait! Each question was answered in some detail. The following are the questions asked and the answers received:

Q. Why did you leave school? This questions and the others which follow are, by the way, to apply to you and to your partner.

A. We were expelled. We had been outstanding students, however our curiosity was such that we found it hard to be satisfied with the pace our professors prescribed. We took it upon ourselves to experiment without the knowledge and supervision of the faculty. At first, we experimented only on frogs, crayfish and other of the lower animals which were kept in the lab.

Our experiments were, primarily, concerned with the ability of living organisms to withstand pain.

We soon discovered that the comparatively simple nervous systems of the lower animals upon which we had been experimenting were not going to give us all the answers we wanted. Dogs and cats came next, and while they provided nervous systems sufficiently complex for clinical observations, they still could not communicate to us in words their experiences.

Logically, the next step was "human guinea pigs." This may sound rather bizarre; however there are enough "oddballs" at any large university that we had little trouble in getting volunteers. Persuading them to come back after one session was something else again, but we were able to get enough subjects to see us through to another stumbling block.

We needed to make first-hand stud-



The Medics have a sure prescription for rivals. The above operation is sure to put Klondike Bill out of his misery for a while.

ies of the human nervous system—studies which would require surgical probing of a nature which might well cause permanent damage to a living person. We had to have a corpse upon which to carry out our further experiments!

Cadavers may have been easily come by in Nineteenth Century London, but things have changed a lot since then. Furthermore, ours had to be fresh: something dug up from an abandoned graveyard wouldn't do.



A trained Medic knows his pressure points and London, struggling, knows he knows.

We found a few hopped-up beatniks and bribed them to get us what we wanted. They got the goods all right, but the police apprehended them in the act. Naturally, they got scared and talked. It was their word against ours; they couldn't prove that we'd hired them, so no criminal prosecution followed. However an on-campus investigation of our activities by the school

administration did. As I said, we were expelled.

Q. Your athletic ability leads one to believe that you were perhaps college wrestlers. Were you, and did your participation in sports conflict with your studies to the extent that you had to choose between the two?

A. My partner and I wrestled while undergraduates. However this had nothing to do with our leaving graduate school, as I have explained.

Q. Why the masks?

preceded us.

One day, my partner commented that it was a pity we couldn't wear masks when applying for work. I agreed, and then a thought struck me—we could! As professional wrestlers, we could wear masks. We could go unrecognized, at least until the furor over our activities in school had died down. We had been varsity wrestlers and we'd stayed in good condition since. A few months of concentrated training, and we'd be ready to invade the professional mat world!

This was some time ago. However we are taking no chances. Besides, the masks are important to us now for other reasons—reasons of our own!

Q. It is said that you and your partner occasionally conceal small, sharp metal objects in your trunks and in your masks, and that you use these on opponents when you get in trouble. Is this true?

A. Certainly not. Some wrestlers, not a few of whom wear masks, stoop to this tactic and to others which are equally underhanded; however it has never been necessary for my partner and me to lower ourselves to the point of using foreign objects as weapons in the ring. Granted, we employ our knowledge of the human anatomy to tremendous advantage, and we do wrestle to win. We will injure our opponents if it is necessary to do so—let our colleagues who went on to graduate worry about healing them! But the injuries we cause are brought about through hard, clever wrestling—not through the introduction of illegal foreign objects into the competition!

Q. Have you ever been taken to task by the American Medical Association or any other such group as a result of the manner in which you reflect discredit upon the profession for which many believe you were trained?

A. The A.M.A. would find it difficult, as you did, to contact us. Besides, we don't really care what they think!

Q. How about the degree of medical skill which you possess. Just how far did you go toward a degree in medicine?

A. As I have already explained, we were in graduate school when we were expelled from the university. We were less than two years away from our internship at the time. Our accelerated interest in the science being what it was, I dare say we are as learned as some who went on to get degrees in medicine.

Q. Is there any possibility that you and your partner might one day forsake the ring and return to medical school?

A. Not a chance. There, you only strike out once. My partner and I have found what we want out of life: we

have no desire to give up wrestling for medicine or anything else. What we have learned, we apply when we can. We keep abreast of medical developments in order that we may further advance the considerable advantage we already enjoy in this area. However, we will not vacate the position we currently enjoy, that of wrestling's foremost tag team.

Q. Do you and your partner ever wrestle as individuals? It is said that you rely so heavily on your ability to switch out without tagging and to help one another out of tight spots that you'd be quite ineffective in singles competition.

A. My partner and I prefer tag team match for obvious reasons; primarily, because we are a tag team. We are not merely two uncoordinated individuals; we are a unit!

As for the ridiculous accusation that we switch out without tagging and commit other violations of the rules, I fear your source of information is somewhat unreliable. Many opponents envy us our precise teamwork; I don't doubt that they have concocted the tales you carry to us in the vain hope of justifying their own complete ineffectiveness!

Q. Whom do you consider the most formidable opponents you have faced, throughout the course of your career?

A. Injury and defeat. These are the only things we fear, and we have found no opponents capable of delivering either.

At the bottom of the neatly typewritten answer sheet was scrawled a message. "We have answered your questions," it read; "violate your pledge to conceal our identity and our whereabouts, and you will live to regret such hasty action."

"We hope this satisfies your morbid curiosity," the message continued, "for you will have cause to regret anything additional you might do to antagonize us!"

The Medics were quite frank, it seemed, in their discussion of their past, but rather evasive about matters which concerned their activities in the ring. This is understandable; misbehavior while in college would not likely get them in trouble with wrestling commissions now—but a written admission of certain transgressions in the ring very well could.

Wrestling's masked medicine men conceded us the forgoing information with obvious reluctance. Disclosure of the identity of even the one Medic we were able to contact would, of course, be impossible. We knew only where he lived, and by now he probably has moved. In any event, we're not going back to find out!



Wrathful fist of Klondike Bill is about to teach a Medic about crime and punishment.



Medic cradles Klondike Bill's head and probes his throat—before applying a choke hold



THE DON DE NUCCI RAY STEVENS' FEUD CONTINUES





DeNucci grimaces with pain as he absorbs low blow from desperate Ray Stevens.



The referee warns Stevens about his foul tactics, but Ray just bellows back at him. Stevens wants victory — at any cost.



DeNucci's in agony, as the referee looms above him. Don hopes to use the ropes, though, to propel him back at Ray Stevens.



For years now, Don DeNucci has been feuding with Ray Stevens. It's a real violent feud, too. When it will end, nobody can say for certain. But, one thing is sure, the fans on the West Coast are enjoying every minute of it.



The fans look curiously at DeNucci as the match ends. Don, his head down, has fought valiantly in the most bitter feud.

EVERYBODY'S MAD

Stan Pulaski's become a wrestling nomad because he get suspended wherever he goes. Sometimes he hides behind a mask, sometimes not. But always there's controversy. He can't stay out of trouble.

By Dean Silverstone

Since wrestling's popularity has sky-rocketed in Japan, the Destroyer has probably made the biggest smash success of any American wrestler campaigning from Tokyo to Kobe. But the "reign" was ended recently, when The Mad Russian, Stan Pulaski, returned to the States, after a victorious, brutal tour of the Far Eastern wrestling capital.

The Polish-Russian wrestler left for Japan from the Pacific Northwest when he was told to "get outta Washington state for sixty days" by request of the local commission. Since he was forty-two days into a sentence which barred him from the entire Midwest for ninety days, Pulaski had no place to go, and it was on a telephone call from Kobe, Japan, that he decided to try his luck on the Japanese mats.

He left without any contract to wrestle, and upon arriving in the Oriental mat haven, he was refused matches by the local promotion on the grounds that "there is no room for so-so's here."

Beside himself, Pulaski snuck into the bouts one evening in Tokyo equipped with a net and padlock. The champion of Japan was scheduled to meet Giant Baba in the main event for the night and Pulaski hid in Baba's dressing room waiting for his arrival. Finally Baba showed and Stan threw the net over him, wrestled him to the floor, and put the padlock on the net openings, so Baba couldn't move—let alone get out of the trap. He then threw Baba in the closet and closed the door.

Ten minutes before the main event was scheduled to go on, the promotion was discovering what ulcers were like. Then Pulaski walked into the office dressed in wrestling trunks and declared: "I'm taking Baba's place tonight. He's not feeling well and he phoned my hotel room and left a message for me to take his place tonight."

After much bickering and translating, the promotion agreed to let Pulaski's wrestle, mainly because the champion was already in the ring waiting for his opponent.

When the match was over, Stan Pulaski was the champion. And for the next three months he was in Japan, he wrestled on every card at the promotion's request. Unbeaten, he vacated his title when he decided to leave Japan, mainly because there was no one who could beat him there and because his suspensions in Washington and the Midwest had expired.

So, he left Japan and wrestled Pepper Martin in Seattle, Washington. After the match, he was handed not only his pay but a commission notice banning him for another sixty days for unsportsman-like conduct. He flew to Omaha the following evening, and was booked to wrestle Harley Race two nights later, but one night prior to their scheduled match, he was banned from the Midwest for thirty days when he attacked Igor Vodik in St. Paul, for no reason at all.

Out of work again, he called Japan and asked if they could use him again, but he was informed that Giant Baba had formed a union which had as its only rule, "... if Stan Pulaski, alias the Mad Russian, is booked on any Japanese wrestling card, the following wrestlers will not work that card;" there was a list of eight names.

Pulaski then decided to go home (Tulsa, Oklahoma) and visit his family. He was enjoying the comforts of home for three days when he suddenly realized that his entire future as a wrestler was in jeopardy and he didn't know what to do. He went to the matches in Tulsa, as a spectator, and on the card he saw the Masked Terror wrestle. After the bouts he waited outside the arena for the Masked Terror to come out, and when he did, Pulaski discovered that the masked man was an old friend of his, and that he was wearing the mask because he was barred from two states.

That's when Stan got the idea to put on a mask and wrestle, and he did so. Today, there are two Stan Pulaski's—Stan Pulaski the wrestler, and Stan Pulaski the masked man. In other words, he wrestled with a mask in some spots, and other spots under his real name. If there's a strange masked man in your area, and if Pulaski has been barred from there recently, that's just who it might be. But as soon as Stan serves out all his suspensions, he will throw away the mask for good and start all over again.

If he can just stop from being barred, he will go on to become one of the world's greatest wrestlers. But if you've ever seen this man in action, you'll soon discover why officials suspend him. Officials feel that it's better to promote ten wrestlers, than attend ten funerals.

AT THE MAD RUSSIAN



THE NIGHT RIPP ER LEONE WAS



Ripper Leone and Bob Orton teamed against Eddie Graham and Sam Steamboat with an extra penalty involved: The loser of the deciding fall would leave town the next day. Justice was upheld in this well-remembered match as Leone had to pack his bags.

RUN OUT OF TOWN!

About this time a year ago Tampa, Florida was the scene of a truly outstanding tag team match. Eddie Graham and Sam Steamboat had taken the tag team belts away from Chris and John Tolos, and were being challenged to defend the belts by Bob Orton and his outspoken manager, Antone "Rip-

per" Leone.

"Sure we'll defend our belts against those two," said Sam Steamboat. "We'd be more than happy to get them into a ring for any reason." Sam had good cause to want this match: previously he had Orton as good as beaten when Leone interfered illegally—Leone had



Here's one way to bring forth chin music.

been acting strictly in the capacity of a manager and corner man in that bout. Orton was disqualified, but a disqualification meant that the regional belt, held by Orton, could not change hands.

"The sooner we can get our hands on those jerks the better we'll like it," echoed Graham, who had as much reason as Sam to hate Orton and Leone. "But let's get one thing straight. We've got a title to put on the line, so we're naming the terms for this match!"

"We want it to be winner-take-all," Eddie continued, "with the losing team leaving the state of Florida." These were indeed the terms of a grudge battle. Tampa promoter "Cowboy" Luttrall presented the terms to the challengers.

"What's he mean, he wants the losing team to leave Florida?" demanded Leone. "Is he gettin' tired of this crummy place, or something? I thought he liked it here!"

"Look here," Leone went on, continuing his tirade at the patient Mr. Luttrall. "You tell those bums that Bob Orton and myself are the *number one* tag team in this area and that we

demand a title match, and furthermore that we *will not* go along with their ridiculous conditions. They're just trying to weasel out of a match with us!"

A compromise was finally arrived. It was agreed that the individual—not the team—who lost the deciding fall of the match, would pack his bags and head north. The "winner-take-all" clause was not challenged.

Bob Orton and Sam Steamboat answered the opening bell, and the early action showed very effectively the tremendous

power and wrestling ability of each. Steamboat is one of the few wrestlers to have beaten Orton since the "Big O" came to Florida, and Orton was out to even the score.

When Orton tagged out with Leone, the "Ripper" realized that he was up against an opponent, much bigger than himself, who was a master of the scientific aspects of the sport. Leone threw the rule book away. He got Sam in trouble with continued hair-pulling, eye-gouging and various other illegal

maneuvers. He made one mistake, though: He let Sam get back to his own corner and tag out with Eddie Graham.

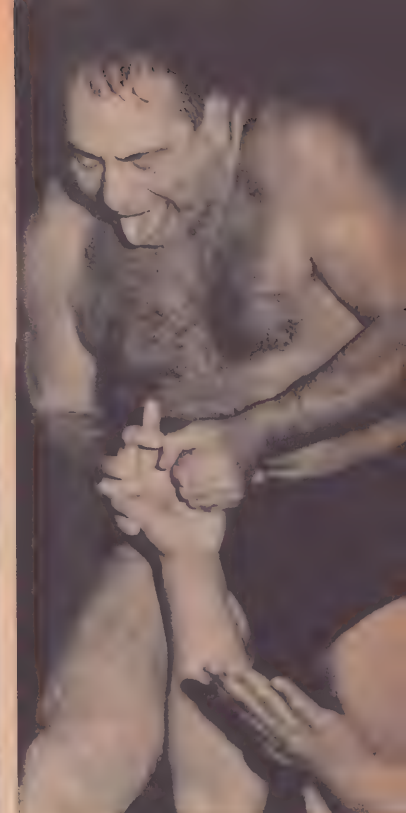
Eddie's usually pretty faithful about sticking by the rules. He's a scientific wrestler by choice and he has proven many times that scientific wrestling is the superior form of hand-to-hand combat in the squared circle. Still, he *can* be provoked. When he is, he makes use of all the tactics he learned from his infamous brother, Dr. Jerry Graham.

Antone "Ripper" Leone learned about a few of the "refinements" of eye-gouging, hair-pulling and what have you that evening. Eddie worked him over very thoroughly—and on his own terms. Leone was begging for mercy, so Eddie, not having any himself, tagged out with Sam Steamboat.

Alas, Sam didn't have any either. He hit Leone with a bone-shattering series of flying drop kicks, then pinned him with a body press. Leone had lost the first fall, but it was the loser of the



The title was on the line and the grim faces of the competitors tells anyone how determined they are to come out victorious.



A gentleman bent on another's destruction

deciding fall who would have to leave Florida.

Sam Steamboat and "Ripper" Leone, having finished the first fall, started the second. It was a different Leone this time, however; he no longer had confidence in his "bag of tricks." The "Ripper" avoided Steamboat as best he could for a few minutes, then tagged out with Orton.

Orton was equally cautious against Steamboat. Orton was almost glad to see Steamboat tag out with Graham. Bob had a weight advantage on Eddie which he felt that he could use to considerable advantage under the circumstances.

Orton and Graham struggled furiously for the upper hand. Both men were sticking with the rules—for the time being, at least—since each was a master of the sport's traditional holds. Time passed and both men were obviously tiring. Orton, using his considerable weight advantage, slowly and gradually, moved Graham to the corner of the ring where Leone was waiting.

When the opportunity presented itself, Orton tagged out and Leone en-

tered the ring against Graham. Eddie, having nearly expended himself against Orton, was no match for the refreshed Leone. The "Ripper" showed the fans how he got his name as he returned Graham's "favors" of the previous fall. Steamboat couldn't do anything since any motion he made which indicated that he might be about to enter the ring illegally only diverted the referee's attention and gave Leone additional opportunity to use his illegal maneuvers on Eddie. This did indeed appear to be Antone "Ripper" Leone's golden opportunity to even the score.

The sweet smell of victory has deluded great generals on the field of battle—and wrestlers in the squared circle—into giving way to overconfidence and making fatal mistakes. Napoleon's mistake was the Battle of Waterloo, and Antone "Ripper" Leone's glaring error was in assuming that Eddie Graham was beaten while he was still breathing. While Dr. Jerry Graham was teaching his younger brother Eddie some favored methods of misusing a weakened opponent, the younger Graham did not fail to consider the possibility that some of those very same tactics would be applied to him one day in actual competition, just as his brother would apply them during Eddie's "training sessions."



It looks like a war-dance with the howling victor dancing 'round the vanquished.



Knead a knee? Pain can force man to rest one knee while trying to restore other to use.

He therefore formulated a defense against every dirty trick his brother taught him.

Eddie's farsightedness paid off for him the night he found himself being ripped apart by "Ripper" Leone. Eddie gritted his teeth and waited for the mistake he knew Leone would make sooner or later. When Leone made it, Eddie was right there. What happened was that Leone forgot to stay behind his man. He probably thought Eddie already had all the fight taken out of him. Anyway, he made the mistake of putting his left leg where Eddie could get hold of it. In a flash he was on his back and Eddie had him writhing in agony with the "spinning toe hold"—a variation on Frank Gotch's famous finishing maneuver.

Leone conceded for the second and deciding fall. Sam Steamboat stepped into the ring and helped Eddie to his feet. Ed still wasn't exactly sure what had happened when the referee raised his hand, along with Sam's, to signify that they'd kept their tag team belts.

"Ripper" Leone had a few bitter remarks to make prior to leaving Florida. He wouldn't say where he was going next, nor whether he and Bob Orton were through as a team for good.

A lonely figure was observed making a hurried exit the morning after the match. It's doubtful that he'll be missed.

OLDTIMER QUIZ NO. 2



FIRST FIVE WINNERS

Thomas Osorio, 1020 Faile Street, Bronx, New York 10459 Apt. 3
Joe Diehl, 238 Eddy Street, San Francisco, California 94102
Betty Banister, 604 Avenue S, Lubbock, Texas
A2C Aubrey E. Rawls, AF 14919958, CMR 1 Box 1276, McChord AFB, Washington
Robert Pettis, 1315 Conklin, Augusta, Georgia 30901

WINNERS UP

Richard Culp, Akron, Ohio
Robert Doten, Burkburnett, Texas
John Aguilar, Torrance, California
Julian Balopolis, Los Angeles, California
Mrs. Henry Pauliot, Waterville, Maine
Lewis Cash, Converse, South Carolina
John "Pat" Lives, Savannah, Georgia
John J. Sullivan, Fairfax, Virginia
John Pratt, Sewell, New Jersey
Tony Mascabello, Troy, New York
Francis Rardella, Bridgeport, Connecticut
Mrs. K. W. Howard, Charlotte, North Carolina
Larry Phillips, Jax, Florida
Arthur Valdez, San Antonio, Texas
David Kawelkewicz, Charleroi, Pennsylvania
A. J. Cocciolone, Phila., Pa.
Mike Lieberman, Levittown, Pa.
Isadore Feldman, Washington, D.C.
Tony Perales Jr., Cleveland, Texas
Leon Wiley, San Antonio, Texas
Arnold Knable, Phila., Pa.
James T. Drummond, Millsboro, Delaware
Ron Kambowski, Florida, New York
Robby Schwimmer, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Sheldon K. Welch, Fort Lauderdale, Florida
Mrs. Marion Bunch, Columbus, Georgia
Allen Loserchede, San Antonio, Texas
Nancy Mahndorf, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Michael Bungert, Bellerose, New York
Tom Panczyk, Levittown, New York
Sheri Blackwood, Port Byron, Illinois
Ira Stallings, Roosevelt, New York
Gary Berman, Phila., Pa.
Deibert Eckley, Minerva, Ohio
Rubil Morales, Sultland, Maryland
John Miller, Tyler, Texas
Wayne Madden, Nashville, Tennessee
Gus Harlow, Bowling Green, Kentucky
Linda Hammons, Dallas, Texas
C.S. Crago, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. Ole Blagsvedt, Rochester, Minnesota
Mason Perlmutter, Hamilton Afb, California
Don Andrews, Patagonia, Arizona
Frank Johnson, Phila., Pa.
Ernest E. Moore, Drayton, South Carolina
Del Patton, Litchfield, Park, Az.
Tom Hauschild, Owatonna, Minnesota
Jerry Morris, Byers, Texas
Miss Emily E. Harris, Richmond, Virginia
King Jack, Camp Pendleton, California

Jerry Unmlisz, Gary, Indiana
Liubomir Pereborow, Philadelphia, Pa.
Marc Medow, Chicago, Illinois
Jesus Jalome, Laredo, Texas
Dave Nickerson, Overland Park, Kansas
Mike Rogers, Topeka, Kansas
Albie Lestinsky, Chicago, Illinois
Al Krtli, Bronx, New York
G. J. Thorpe, Phila., Pa.
Michael Malone, Longview, Texas
Steve Kamins, Silver Spring, Maryland
Tom Gomez, Tampa, Florida
Judith C. Hastings, Tampa, Florida
Miss Sandy Rittinger, Columbus, Ohio
B.J. Brackin Jr., Hockessin, Delaware
Robert Ashe, Hfx. Co., Nova Scotia, Canada
Gregg Dolen, Lincoln, Nebraska
Philip Ringer, New York, New York
Richard Wilson, Poughkeepsie, New York
Chris Harrison, Kearney, Nebraska
D. Hobrecht, Springfield, Virginia
Clifford Belton, Allentown, Pa.
Harrisburg, Virginia
Karen Wolfe, Baltimore, Maryland
J. Grossman, Brooklyn, New York
Ernest Sodergran, Phila, Pa.
Gary Comstock, West Palm Beach, Florida
Mrs. J. Lytle, Atlanta, Georgia
Ray Ciesla, Chicago, Illinois
Herman Reed, Jonesboro, Arkansas
R. Nelson, Champaign, Illinois
Miss Janet Happ, Newton, New Jersey
Ron Gowe, Weissport, Pa.
Frank Curran, New York, N.Y.
Robt. Mayo, Washington, D.C.
Geoffrey Browner, Los Angeles, California
Robert Selinger, Houston, Texas
John Sneed, Laurel, Delaware
Veronica Landon, Jacksonville, Florida
L. De Cristofaro, Lyndhurst, New Jersey
Dave D'Amato, Havertown, Penna.
Joey Caravella, Freeland, Penna.
Jack Uzzil, Snow Hill, North Carolina
Dan Westbrook, Gardena, California
Edd Watley, Columbus, Georgia
Dean Taylor, Los Angeles, California
George L. Reynolds, Arleta, California
Rose Heritage, Monrovia, California
Larry Horn, Skokie, Illinois
Louis Jeff, Purcellville, Virginia
Walter Opal, Colorado Springs, Colorado
Sara Sellers, Chas. Hgts., South Carolina
E. McCaffery, Rochester, New York

Veteran wrestling fans were shocked when they learned of this former wrestler's untimely death on the West Coast a few months ago. During his career, he was quite popular throughout the country, especially with the women fans. He was known as a wrestler's wrestler because of his wonderful scientific maneuvers.

We know who he is. However, we are wondering if you do. If you do, it will be worth your while in the way of a one-year free subscription. In fact, **WRESTLING WORLD** is offering five **FREE** subscriptions for the first five correct answers. All you do is clip out the coupon below and mail it to us right away. It's as simple as that, no gimmicks or tricks, nothing to buy or send away for. The names of the five winners will appear in the next issue of **WRESTLING WORLD**.

Here's another tip that may help. He was very active in the 1930's and was temporarily blind at one stage of his career.

Nor hurry and get your answers in to:

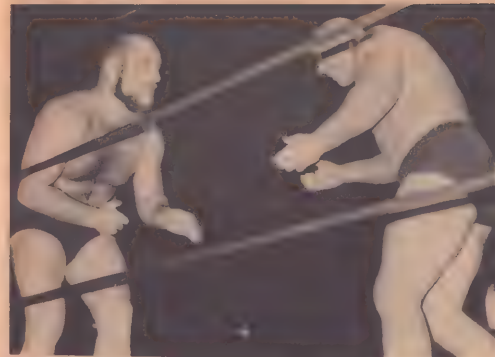
OLDTIMER QUIZ
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Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

ANSWER TO QUIZ #2

Name
Address
City State Zip

THE CRUSHER!

Any wrestling fan knows how mean and tough The Crusher is inside the ring. In a rare meeting, he was matched against another mean and tough performer, Mad Dog Vachone. Now, Vachone is the A.W.A. champion, and The Crusher was trying to win his belt back. He had lost his title to Vachone last year. Crusher tried hard to win the coveted belt back, but all he got for his efforts was a bloody head. He temporarily held the belt after the match, but it was given back to Vachone over The Crusher's protests.



The diabolic Mad Dog eyes the Crusher warily, above, and those wary eyes are set to rolling, above right, as the Crusher plays the Twister with his unscrupulous opponent. Call him the Crusher or the Pulverizer or the Masher, but whatever he'd doing seems bound to make pulp of Vachone, far right.



Crusher may have taken a lot out of Vachone, but he didn't take title belt. Crusher thinks he was robbed.

W.W. WRESTLING FEDERATION



Champ.: Bruno Sammartino

1. Johnny Valentine
2. Bulldog Brower
3. Baron Scicluna
4. Curtis Iaukea
5. Tony Pugliese
6. Bobo Brazil
7. Bill Miller
8. Apollo
9. The Beast
10. Dan Miller
11. Tarzan Tyler
12. Chief Big Heart
13. Miguel Perez
14. Mr. Kleen
15. Arnold Skaaland

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE



Champ.: Gene Kiniski

1. Dick the Bruiser
2. Fritz Von Erich
3. The Destroyer
4. Lou Thesz
5. The Sheik
6. Eddie Graham
7. Pedro Morales
8. Bob Ellis
9. Johnny Powers
10. Bob Orton
11. Haystacks Calhoun
12. Art Thomas
13. Hiro Matsuda
14. Sam Steamboat
15. Moose Evans

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION



Champ.: Maurice Vashon

1. Verne Gagne
2. Killer Kowalski
3. Crusher Lisowski
4. Wilbur Snyder
5. Dick the Bruiser
6. Pat O'Connor
7. Chris Markoff
8. Igor Vodik
9. Tim Woods
10. Reg Parks
11. Haru Sasaki
12. Larry Hennig
13. Pampero Firpo
14. Harley Race
15. Tiny Mills

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Champ.: Gorilla Monsoon

WESTERN WRESTLING ALLIANCE

1. Pepper Gomez
2. Ray Stevens
3. Kenji Shibuya
4. Luke Graham
5. Bill Watts
6. Mitsu Arakawa
7. Toyonbari
8. Don Leo Jonathan
9. Shohei Baba
10. Buddy Austin
11. Bearcat Wright
12. Hard-Boiled Haggerty
13. Don Manoukian
14. Nick Bockwinkel
15. George Drake



Champs.: Hennig-Race

TAG TEAM

1. Bruiser-Crusher
2. Valentine-Parisi
3. Miller Bros.
4. Masked Yankees
5. Stevens-Patterson
6. Bull & Fred Curry
7. Arakawa-Shibuya
8. Morales-Romero
9. Von Erich-Powers
10. Von Brauners
11. Iaukea-Beast
12. Brower-Scicluna
13. Steamboat-Steinborn
14. The Assassins
15. The Kentuckians



Champ.: The Fabulous Moolah

WOMEN

1. Rita Cortez
2. Judy Grable
3. Millie Zec
4. Penny Banner
5. Princess Little Cloud
6. Bette Boucher
7. June Byers
8. Georgia Brown
9. Brenda Scott
10. Cora Coombs
11. Ann Casey
12. Lucille Dupree
13. Keyoka Seito
14. Karen Kellogg
15. Marie Darnell

WRESTLING inside WORLD

BY LOU SAHADI

It's amazing how much boxing has begun to emulate wrestling during the past year. Fight promoters have scheduled a number of pre-fight publicity gimmicks designed to stimulate the sport's sagging gates. Even the boxers themselves have gotten out of character with outlandish statements and ridiculous publicity stunts. Cassius Clay admitted that he patterned his actions after the late Gorgeous George. Only trouble is, Clay isn't the credit to boxing as George was to wrestling. And, therein lies the saga of the continuing demise of boxing. The sport would have certainly helped itself if it had followed wrestling's lead years ago.

Dick The Bruiser has scratched Detroit on the list of cities he likes to visit. A Federal judge recently ordered the powerful Bruiser to pay a former Detroit policeman \$15,000 damages for injuries the officer suffered in trying to break up a fight three years ago. U. S. District Court Judge Fred Kaess awarded the damages to Andrew Meholic, 42. Meholic, who has since resigned from the force, was one of eight policemen summoned to a Detroit bar April 23, 1963 to quell a fight involving The Bruiser. Meholic charged he suffered a broken hand when he was grabbed by the wrestler.

Verne Gagne, considered one of the top wrestlers in the country, is high on heavyweight boxer Ron Marsh. Verne may be slightly prejudiced in as much as he is managing the young heavyweight's career. "I can't deny that I give the kid an extra pat on the back, but if I didn't feel he has great ability, I wouldn't take him under my wing," explain Gagne. "After all, I have my own career to think of and I wouldn't waste time and money on just another fighter. Marsh is young and has quite a bit to learn. However, we won't make the mistake of rushing him too quickly. You'll hear a great deal more of him by next year."

The world of wrestling was saddened a few months ago with the untimely death of a pair of great oldtimers, Herbie Freeman and Sammy Stein. They died within two weeks of each other, Freeman on the East Coast and Stein on the West Coast. The past number of years Freeman has directed traffic in the Washington office of Capital Wres-

tlng Corp., while Stein has been with a national distillery. Both had been active on the circuit the same time. One of Herbie's favorite stories concerned Sammy when they were both campaigning on the East Coast under promoter Jack Pfeffer. Each was at the peak of his respective career, but Sammy wasn't too happy.

"What's the matter Sammy?" asked Herbie one day.

"I don't think Pfeffer is paying me enough," remarked Sammy.

"Has he been paying you right after the matches?" inquired Freeman.

"Yes, cash on the line," said Stein.

"Does Pfeffer talk to you at all when he counts off your money?" queried Freeman.

"Yes, he pays me some fine compliments about how good I looked tonight and that I am really going to make some big money," answered Stein.

"Well," said Freeman, "the next time he pays you off don't say a word when he begins to pay you compliments. Just stand there with your hand open and don't say anything."

Stein took Freeman's advice. The very



Dick the Bruiser



Verne Gagne

next time Stein reported to Pfeffer in the dressing room for his night's pay, Stein held his hand out and Pfeffer began to count. Then, as was the case, Pfeffer began to laud Stein on his winning match.

"You looked great out there tonight," exclaimed Pfeffer.

Stein didn't say a word.

"You really thrilled the fans this time," remarked Pfeffer.

Again Stein remained silent.

"Sammy, you're headed for a championship bout and some really big money," said the promoter.

Stein still didn't speak a word.

By this time, Pfeffer had become wary and slowly continued to count. Once again he applied his technique and offered still more words of praise to Stein.

But Stein remained tightlipped. Finally, Pfeffer in dismay screamed.

"Sammy, you son of a gun, you've been talking to Herbie!"

It so happened that every time Pfeffer would pay Stein, he would quickly praise his night's performance while counting off the money. Stein, the nice guy that he was,

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(continued from page 39)

narrow the road was. I'd hate to see two cars trying to pass each other. I don't think they could make it. It's funny, when I left Pizzo Ferrato, there wasn't a car in the whole town. Now, I was told that there are three cars, two are owned by my uncles and the other by a doctor.

As we approached a little town called Quadri, which was about 10 miles from my hometown, I started to see signs along the way. They read: "Viva Bruno Sammartino!" "Welcome Home Our Champion Bruno Sammartino!"

I knew right away that something had been planned. Just outside of my hometown some of the people began to line the road and there were more signs saying the same thing. I couldn't describe how it made me feel. I didn't expect anything like this. When we arrived in the center of the town, I think every one of the town's inhabitants was standing there. What was happening all the time with all those phone calls was that the people were quitting work early in the fields to assemble in the piazza. They had a little band playing and the people were all cheering and hollering. It was something that I shall never forget as long as I live ... how all these poor people did everything to make my return a welcome journey.

My wife was very thrilled by all of this. I made a little speech in Italian and told them how thrilled I was to be able to come back for a visit and to see all these familiar faces again that have grown old through the years. I told them how I yearned all these years to come back home again and how overwhelmed I was with their reception. I remarked that some day, when I no longer hold the title of world champion, I will come back again, not only for a few days like this trip, but perhaps for a few months.

I took my family to all the places I remembered around the town. One spot was Villa Rocca, which was in the mountains, and where we had hid from the Germans during the war. It brought back a lot of unpleasant memories. My wife was amazed to see how we survived, just living on whatever scraps of food we could gather. We also visited the cemetery where a lot of my relatives are buried. Most of the time I spent visiting with all my relatives and many friends and somehow I felt as if I had never left.

However, when the day came for us to leave, I grew very sad again. It brought back memories of the time I left as a child to come to America. The people gathered in the piazza and waved goodbye to us. We returned to our hotel in Rome and prepared for the return flight to Pittsburgh. We spent 10 glorious days in Italy. I'll never forget them ...

INSIDE WRESTLING WORLD...

By Lou Sahadi

would always say "thank you" and when Pfeffer heard that, he'd stop counting!

Fearless Freddie Blassie, who had a damaged kidney removed the early part of the year, has recovered so well and is feeling so wonderful that he is seriously talking about coming back to the ring. Speaking on the phone from his Atlanta home, Blassie exclaimed: "I know a lot of those pencil necks counted me out after my operation, but you don't throw in the towel on Freddie Blassie that easy. I feel just great and as soon as the doctor gives me the okay, I'll be back better than ever. When I announce my comeback, WRESTLING WORLD will be the first to know". . . . Australian fans are wondering when World Wide Wrestling Federation champion Bruno Sammartino will return to the land of the kangaroo. Bruno



Bruno Sammartino

Apollo

toured the continent for a month and thrilled audiences wherever he appeared. Sammartino liked Australia and wouldn't mind returning there for another tour. However, his commitments will keep him busy until the end of the year. . . .

Vittorio Apollo is quite happy with his new house on Long Island. He has a large home and quite a bit of land surrounding the place. . . . Former wrestler Frank Ross, who campaigned as the "Golden Scot," owns a flourishing discotheque in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn. The lively spot is called Frank Ross' Cocktail Lounge and it's almost impossible to get into the place on the weekends. In fact, the younger set are card-carrying members of the neighborhood's discotheque club which insures them entrance on busy Friday nights. Ross has a large color portrait hanging over the bar in his wrestling togs which draws quite a bit of attention. Ross is assisted by former Scottish flyweight Pete Gorman and night man Tony Napolitano.

Minneapolis promoter Wally Karbo has been frustrated in his attempts to get American Wrestling Alliance champion Maurice Vachone to defend his title in Minny. Vachone swears he'll never put his title

on the line in Minneapolis, namely against former king Verne Gagne. "Vachone is like the vanishing wind," fumed Karbo. "I can't get him to commit himself. I've offered him an outstanding purse to appear in Minneapolis, but he won't give me a satisfactory answer. I'm tired of chasing the guy all over the country. When you are the champion, it's your duty to defend your crown against the top challengers and that's what Vachone must do or I'll bar him from Minneapolis for good." Well spoken, Wally. . . . Ex-wrestler Big Ben Morgan is an excellent masseur at New York's posh Downtown Athletic Club. Morgan has appeared in a number of Broadway plays, namely "Tea House Of The August Moon." He just missed in trying out for the role of Odd Job in the famed James Bond pictures. "They called me for a screening," disclosed Ben, "but the only reason I missed out was that I didn't look Oriental enough." Ah, so.

Joe Blanchard doing an excellent job in



Maurice Vachone

Bill Miller

his new role as a referee. The former grappler doesn't back down from anyone and is emphatic in his enforcement of the rules. . . . Tell me, who is a better wrestling announcer in the country than Washington's Ray Morgan? . . . Every year about this time Big Bill Miller's thoughts wander to rabbit hunting. . . . Big Ernie Ladd really got the most out of his football mystery when he appeared on the circuit a few months back. He threatened to pursue wrestling and give up the grid sport if he couldn't play for whom he wanted. He played out his option with the San Diego Chargers and the rumors were flying that Ladd would jump to the NFL. Ernie kept 'em guessing until the time was right—which was when he negotiated a contract with the Houston Oilers in the AFL whom he wanted to play with all the time. . . . St. Louis promoter has some big plans in store for Mound City wrestling buffs this season. He won't reveal his plans but remarked that if he can close the deals he has in mind, it would be the greatest thing to hit the sport in years. . . . Prince Iaukea lists New York high on his list of favorite cities. . . . Kinji Shibuya's name in his native Japanese means "Street District".

(continued from page 19)

esty's subjects. In Algeria, Vachone would be impossible to beat. Despite being mean, brutal and one of the biggest roughnecks in the game, Kiniski would be backed solidly by Canadians, who take great pride in their champions. Kiniski is strong, powerful and capable. When's he is hurt he is dangerous and, despite his roughhouse style, can baffle an opponent with an assortment of scientific holds. Kiniski's courage is unlimited and he ranks as one of the most rugged men in the game.

Sammartino, Vachone, Watts, Moonsoon, Crusher, Thesz, Shibuya and Stevens, in my opinion, would be strong contenders and my most feared rivals.

Thesz, who may be in the twilight of a scintillating career, has experience and determination. He is probably the greatest defensive wrestler in the game and uses the ropes as an advantage. If Thesz can move an opponent into the ropes it means certain defeat. Thesz uses the ropes, one way or another, to defeat half of his opponents.

A superbly conditioned athlete, Thesz learned the tricks of the trade from Ed (Strangler) Lewis, one of the greatest wrestlers of all time. I believe I am faster, stronger and can take more punishment than Lou and that I can wear him down with an aggressive attack. Certainly his age won't help him; indeed it might be his biggest bugaboo in winning the Series.

While Thesz is a veteran campaigner, Sammartino has youth on his side. He's also one of the most powerful wrestlers in the game. His tremendous leg power amazes opponents. Weighing 275 pounds and 5-11, Bruno is one of the most agile wrestlers in action today. He's aggressive, ring smart and, like Thesz, seldom makes a mistake. His surge to the top in the last two years has been startling and unexpected. If he has a fault, it could be overconfidence. He's cocky and uses his husky frame to overpower his opponents.

Because I rate Sammartino so highly, he has become a symbol to me. Fact is, I dream of the night when we meet, but I have to admit they haven't been exactly sweet dreams. I have had many nightmares in which I see Sammartino standing over me and the referee raising his hand in victory. But nightmares don't count, and I still believe I can beat the young and powerful Italian giant. If and when we meet, it will be a tense and dramatic moment for both of us. There is no doubt in my mind that only one of us would be able to walk out of the ring under our own power after the struggle.

For me to talk about nightmares

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Powerful Vern Gagne says of his proposed world tournament: "I'm confident I will win."

might sound ridiculous, but I find myself flying into a rage at the mention of his name. He probably has a special distaste for the name Gagne, too.

My dropkicks and sleeper hold could be the deciding weapons if and when we meet. But if Sammartino traps me in his backbreaker, it could end my career. I am positive he wouldn't release the hold until I was crushed or crippled. In short, it would be a battle for survival.

Singh, like Sammartino, has tremendous leg power. The champion from India isn't massive, but he is a dedicated trainer who does upwards of 2,000 deep knee bends daily. He trains differently than American wrestlers and is difficult to knock off his feet. He is an escape artist and one of the mystery men of wrestling.

Crusher, because of his muscle power, has to be recognized as a threat. He is as mean as Kiniski, can be just as rough. And his stomach claw hold and bolo punches are punishing and dangerous. Crusher is ring smart and he is confident he can beat any wrestler. I feel his desire alone will carry him close to the finals. If he has a fault it could be his lack of condition.

Baba, because of his height and weight, could be as explosive as dynamite. Then again he could be a dud. A protege of Fred Atkins, a smart and capable leader and teacher, Baba has

proven to be a good student. On a given night, with breaks in his favor, a big man is always tough to outmaneuver and master. Baba would be no exception.

Baba, reports indicate, can be a wild man in the ring. He shows an opponent little or no mercy and his steely eyes are frightening. One American wrestler who met the Japanese giant told me: "It wasn't his size, his strength or his wrestling ability that beat me. It was his eyes. They were like rapiers. They left me limp with fright. I couldn't move and I suddenly lost my strength. I was at his mercy."

However, ferocious looks and piercing eyes don't scare me.

Gorgienko is skilled, deadly and ruthless. He plots his strategy with the skill of a scientist. Besides he lives without fear and wrestles the same way.

Gotch is a lithe and unemotional German. He has arms of steel and is a terrific competitor. I have heard rumors that some foreign wrestlers believe he is one wrestler who can beat me. Ivan Kalmikoff contends he could beat me. I respect Ivan's judgment, but violently disagree with him. If I were a Kiniski or Crusher, I would answer: "I'll lick you, Gotch and Crusher on the same night." I'm not, but if pressed, I think maybe I could.

The flamboyant Carpentier is one of wrestling's greatest aerial artists.

His flying leg scissor holds are sensational, effective and spectacular, but I don't fear him. Eduardo can be great one night and just another wrestler the next. He isn't consistent. If he ever gains the bulldog determination of Gotch he could be unbeatable.

Despite his high-flying ring wizardry and acrobatics, Carpentier can't match me in agility. He may be as quick as a cat on his feet, but my striking power is greater.

Vachon may rate as the dirtiest wrestler in the game. He isn't satisfied to win. He wants to cripple his opponents. His ruthless ring tactics should not be tolerated. If there is a man in wrestling who should be barred, it is Vachon. His cannibalistic ring actions certainly would make him the most hated wrestler in the tournament.

He is as deadly as cancer. Winning isn't an ambition with him. It is an obsession. He undoubtedly is the cruellest man in the ring today. And battling for half a million dollars would make him a terror.

Shibuya and Arakawa are dangerous because of their judo chops. They are cunning, sly and unpredictable. They are masters at crippling their foes.

While the Japanese hatchmen would be threats, so would Ivan Kalmikoff and Nicholi and Boris Volkoff, the wild Russians.

Because of his amazing strength, Igor would have to be rated a strong darkhorse despite his lack of experience. Igor's bear hug is rated more devastating than the late Yukon Eric's. If Igor has a fault it is that he is too nice. And nice guys finish last in wrestling.

Watts needs no buildup. He'll be in the tournament. And he will be a real monster to beat. So will Stevens and the Moonson. They have their strong points, but so have Bill Miller, The Stomper, Pat O'Connor, Dick the Bruiser, Bob Geigel, Johnny Valentine, Killer Kowalski, Whipper Watson, Stan Nielson, Cowboy Bob Ellis, Bearcat Wright, Bobo Brazil, Pepper Gomez, Wilbur Snyder and a host of others too numerous to mention.

No one would be barred from the tournament because of his reputation. They'll all be welcome to pay their \$10,000 entry fee and enter the Series.

For me, a farm boy from Minnesota who walked six miles home after football and wrestling practice while in high school, the tournament would be conclusive proof of my ability. If I lose I'll lose graciously and without complaint. If I win, I want to be accepted as champion.

I'm confident I will win. And to those wrestlers who disagree I have just five words: "Put up or shut up."

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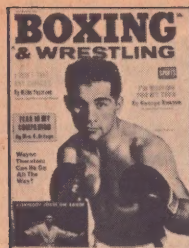
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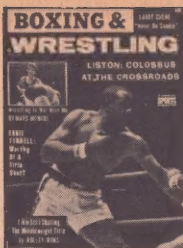
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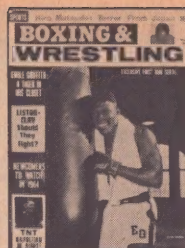
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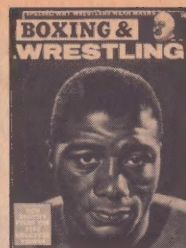
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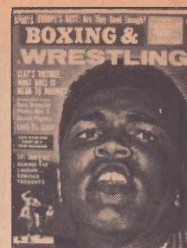
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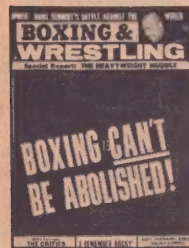
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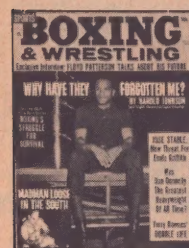
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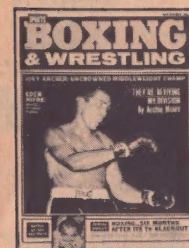
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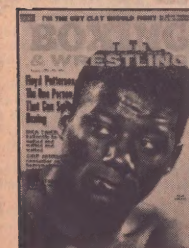
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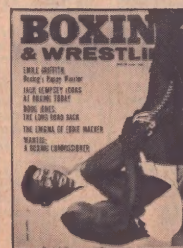
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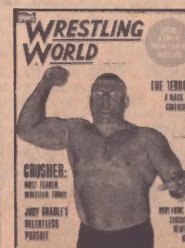
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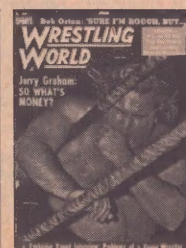
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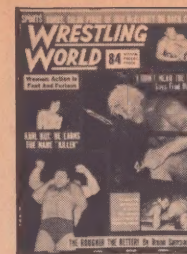
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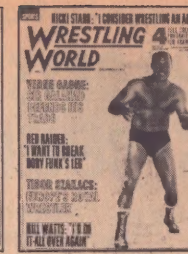
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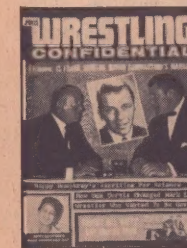
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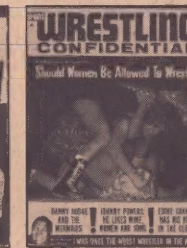
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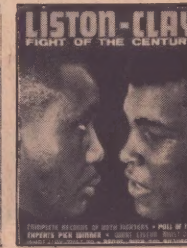
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"Excessive hair fall has been lessened."
"This condition was an accumulation of years, hence it will take time, but my hair stopped falling... one spot coming back in."
"I have no more excessive hair fall."
"After using (your plan) for three weeks it has stopped excessive hair fall and improved scalp conditions."

Relief From Dandruff Scale

"I don't have dandruff any longer."
"...no more dandruff."
"...dandruff scale all gone."
"...all my dandruff has gone."
"The dandruff and itchy condition have all but disappeared."
"The ugly dandruff and itching have disappeared and only a few traces are left."
"I am getting rid of my dandruff."

Improved Scalp Conditions

"Has eased my nervous tension and tightening of the scalp."
"No more dry, itchy scalp or dandruff. Scalp feels good."
"My scalp now feels normal and not itchy."
"The massage makes my head feel more relaxed and better. Will work faithfully at the treatments."
"My scalp doesn't itch and in the bald spots I can see little hairs."

fels Applications and Massage do offer real and tangible prospects of success in a substantial proportion of cases.

If your own trial is satisfactory, I offer special plans so you can keep on at only half of the first set cost.

If you are able to achieve benefits you wish for—what a heart-warming experience that will be! You won't have to worry about your expenditures—just compare them with what women-folks—maybe your own wife—will spend in a year for permanents, shampoos and cosmetics.

THE RISK IS MINE

This money-back guarantee for a first-set purchase is made for a limited time only (see coupon). I want to introduce the Brandenfels Plan to the many afflicted with a scalp ailment who have hoped to do something about it but didn't like to take a risk. Now the risk is mine. But please note this is a limited offer. It may be withdrawn at any time. Then my

regular policy of years' standing—without a guarantee—will prevail. Act today!

DON'T BE A DEFEATIST

If you are bald or have some scalp ailment there's no reason to be a defeatist. You'll never know until you try. Go ahead—order now on this money-back guarantee.

Send for a "set" of the Applications and the massage method today. Enclose \$18 or order C.O.D. Mail to Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon. Your remittance will, in effect, be placed in escrow until your 35-day trial period is finished.

Use the plan for 35 days and then if you don't notice one or more of the benefits named on this page, return the empty bottles to me promptly and I will send your \$18 back. This guarantee offer, naturally, is good for only this trial set of formulas.

References: The Bank of St. Helens, the United States National Bank and Chamber of Commerce, all of St. Helens, Oregon.

A TRIAL WILL TELL—ORDER NOW!

LIMITED OFFER

(in the U. S. only)

As you can understand it is open to those who have never used the Brandenfels Formulas and Massage. It applies just to the first "set" and covers the \$18 basic formula cost. (Extra postal charges for air mail and C.O.D. not refunded).

Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon

ARG 116

Yes! I accept your no-risk trial offer of the Brandenfels Hair and Scalp Applications and Massage as advertised in this publication. Please send them to me in a plain wrapper.

I will use the formulas and massage according to instructions for 35 days. I understand I must notice one or more of the benefits named in the advertisement. If I am not satisfied I'll return the empty bottles promptly and you'll send my \$18 back.

- ☐ I enclose \$18. ☐ I enclose \$20 for rush air mail shipment.
☐ C.O.D. I agree to pay postman \$18 plus postal charges.

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No COD orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postal regulations)

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"Trainer of The Champions"

"MR. AMERICA" "MR. UNIVERSE"

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Says JOE WEIDER, "The Muscle Builder" and "Trainer of the Champions"

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short or tall, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy, or businessman, I must make a new virile he-man out of you, and also... help build "inner strength" that will give you that virile look, that women admire and men envy. Here's what I did for Clancy Ross, one of the many thousands of weaklings I turned into He-Men.

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